MARK GUY PEARSE

PREACHER, AUTHOR, ARTIST.

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MARK GUY PEARSE

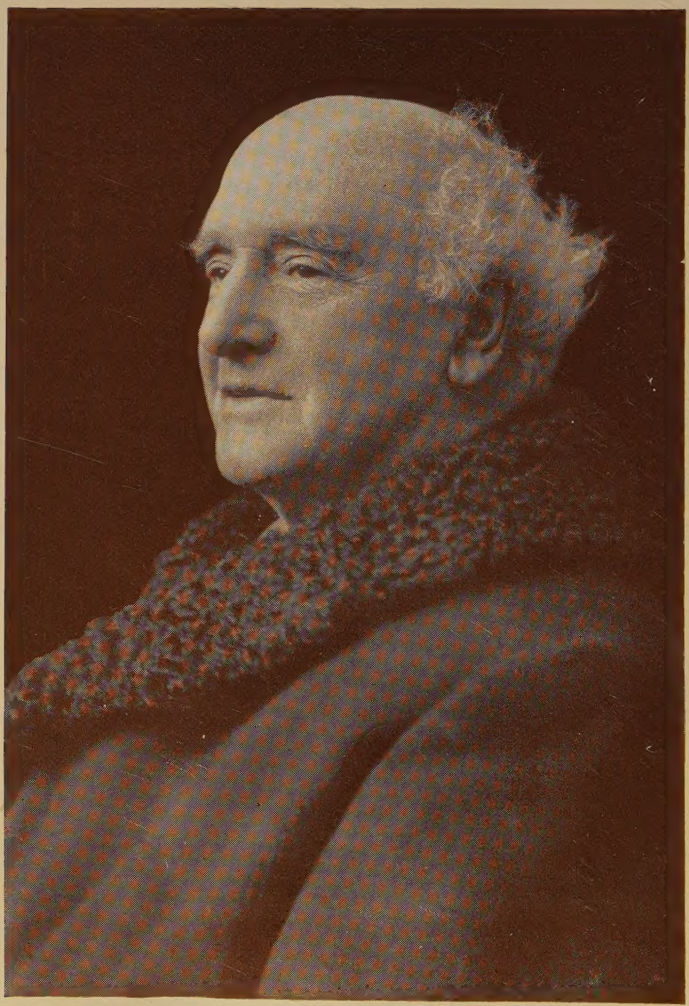

Photo : Russell, London

Mary Emily Pearse
(86 years)

MARK GUY PEARSE

Preacher, Author, Artist

By

MRS. GEORGE UNWIN

(HIS DAUGHTER)

and

JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

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'BE OF GOOD CHEER'

The poems between the chapters were all written by
Mark Guy Pearse

THE BEAUTY OF THE LORD

Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us
(*Psalm* xc. 17).

GIVE us, O God, this heavenly gift, we pray :
The eye anointed and the heart attuned
To see in all things bright and beautiful
The beauty of the Lord :

In glory of the day and starry night,
In common things and common ways of life,
In thought and strength for daily task and toil,
The beauty of the Lord :

In all supplies that meet the constant need,
In all earth's fruitfulness and ministry,
In thoughts of men that make us better men,
The beauty of the Lord :

In all the memories that do enrich the past,
In all that quiets fear and lessens care,
In all the hopes that brighten coming days,
The beauty of the Lord :

In music, and in nature's changeful scenes,
In songs of birds, in flowers and fruits and trees,
In stretch of sky, and wonder of the sea,
The beauty of the Lord :

And most of all where most Thou wouldst be
seen—
In mother's love and in the father's care,
In children's happy trust and laugh and joy,
The beauty of the Lord :

In love that gave Thine own belovèd Son,
The holy Child, the Brotherman, the Christ,
The risen and all-glorious King of Heaven,
The beauty of the Lord :

And in Thy Holy Spirit's energy,
To teach and prompt, to guide and shape our
lives,
To make our own the gifts that Thou hast
given,
The beauty of the Lord !

Chapter I

BIRTH AND TRAINING

Mark Guy Pearse was born at Camborne on January 3, 1842, the second child and only son of Mark Guy Pearse of that town.

The Pearses were an old Cornish family; the direct line of grandsires traces back through the eighteenth century to a Mr. William Pearse, who flourished at Davidstow about 1700, and who is mentioned in Gilbert's historical survey of the county. His grandson Robert removed to Launceston, where he became a woollen manufacturer, and he is buried in St. Stephen's churchyard. Robert's son Thomas returned to live at Camelford, and, besides continuing the woollen business, he became under-steward to the Duke of Bedford, and used the salary he had from him in the purchase and distribution of religious books and tracts. This Thomas was Mark Guy Pearse's great-grandfather, and through his son's marriage with Grace Guy in the parish church of St. Endellion the patronym Guy came into the family. The churchyard of St. Endellion is full of old tombstones inscribed with the names Mark Guy and Warwick Guy—the first Mark Guy dates from 1715—and after this marriage both names are adopted and used with the surname Pearse.

The Pearses must have been amongst the earliest Wesleyan Methodists in Cornwall or anywhere else. 'A hundred years ago,' said Mr. Mark Guy Pearse, senior, in 1879, 'my grandfather was a leading and influential member of the Methodist Church, and I have the strongest reasons for my attachment to the Church of my fathers.' An allusion to this same grandfather occurs in an interesting letter from the Rev. Matthew T. Male, written from Bangalore in 1864, to congratulate Miss Cooper on becoming engaged to the young Mark Guy. 'Your future father-in-law was a schoolfellow of mine, and of Mr. Guy Pearse's great-grandfather I have heard much. He was one of the earliest Methodists in the east of Cornwall. You are entering one of the most honourable and excellent families that it has ever been my privilege to have any acquaintance with, and I am glad on your account, and glad on their account also.'

Mr. Mark Guy Pearse, senior, was a man whose sunny and cheerful disposition, no less than his sterling character, made him popular and beloved wherever he went. He had much in common with his more famous son, whose devotion to him was lifelong. He had prosperous connexions with Cornish tin-mining, then at its most famous stage. He remained in Camborne until the death of his wife, about 1869, and then removed to London, where he was attached for many years to the Wesleyan Chapel at Prince of Wales Road, Kentish

Town. Great regret was expressed when he resigned his connexion on leaving London. The Rev. R. Culley said that he had always been impressed with the cheerfulness of Mr. Pearse, and in times of difficulty he had invariably turned to him for comfort and advice. He settled finally at Warwick House, Sandown, in the Isle of Wight. He was a great help to the Wesleyan Church, and his genial presence at its services was much valued. His son preached on several Sundays when visiting his father, and laid a memorial stone for him when the schoolroom was built in 1888. When he died, on August 12, 1889, Canon Storrs, then Vicar of Sandown, wrote: 'The memory of your dear father will always be one of the sweetest things of my life here. I shall never forget the first prayer I heard him offer. Even the sweet, rich voice still rings in my ear, as well as the words.' A Cornish cross marks his resting-place in Christ Church graveyard.

In summer-time, Mr. Pearse liked to have a great party of his grandchildren to stay with him; fifteen or more would be there in August. Unforgettable days, when they lived amphibious lives on the sands and in the sea, in that paradise of childhood, with the dear old grandfather presiding over everything and revelling in their enjoyment as long as he was able. When he grew more feeble, one or two of the older ones would remain to be with him. One remembers how he used to sit for hours at a time, looking out over the

silvery sea and reciting hymns, of which he had a great store in his memory.

> Now I have found the ground wherein
> Sure my soul's anchor may remain,

he would roll out slowly; and he would go right through the hymn, ending, with an indescribable, calm happiness in his voice:

> Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
> Loved with an everlasting love.

A good story that Mark Guy Pearse used to tell of his ancestors suggests that wit as well as baldness was hereditary in the family.

'I had gone down into Cornwall some years ago, and stayed at a tea-meeting in a country place in the eastern part of the county. An old man looked out from the row of people amongst whom he sat, and, nodding his head familiarly, said:

'"Yew got the vam'ly vailin', I see, sur! You'm bald!"

'"Yes," I said, "that is the head and front of my offending. But were my ancestors bald?"

'"O' coorse they was. There was your feyther, Maister Mark Guy, as bald as a postie [post] just like you be, and there was his feyther, Maister Robert, your grandfeyther—you can mind 'en—bald as a postie too!"

'"Well," I said, "you can't go back any further?"

'"Ess, I can; there was Maister Thomas, that put

up the first Sunday school to Camelford, was bald as a postie just like you be. I can mind 'en."

' " Well," I said, " you surely must stop there ? "

' " No," said he; " there was Maister Robert, his feyther. He was bald too."

' " I am very much interested," I said. " How do you know he was bald ? "

' " Well, you zee, he 'ad to take the chair at the tenants' dinner, because he was steward to the Duke of Bedford's estate, and when those chaps got too much drink, they began for to take liberties with 'en. He was a very sober man, his own self, without a laugh in his insides, nohow.

' " ' How be so bald, Mas' Pearse ? ' said they. He lookth round the table, and seed there wasn't a bald-headed man in the place, 'ceps his awn self. ' Gen'lmen,' says he, ' I do congratulate you, every waun of you.'

' " ' What for ? ' says they, ' Mas' Pearse ? '

' " ' *You* ain't in the least mawsel of danger. You will *never* go bald,' said he.

' " ' Why not, then, Mas' Pearse ? '

' " ' Gen'lmen,' says he, ' there's two craturs upon the face of God's earth that never went bald nohow. Gen'lmen, them's apes and idjets ! ' " '

There is a bit of autobiography in *Daniel Quorm* that belongs to the author's own childhood. Old Dan'el tells how as a little lad he went to see his grandmother, and how at dusk a thunderstorm came on and he

trembled at the thought of going home alone. Then came his father, ' in a great long blue cloak like they used to wear in those times,' and took the little lad by the hand in under the cloak. ' It was pitch dark in there, o' course, and outside I could hear the thunder crashin' and could see the blaze o' the lightnin' right in under the cloak. But I went splashin' on through the puddles and the mud, all right because I'd got hold of his hand.'

Various memories of his childhood are scattered through his books, and told vividly enough in his own words. Here is one of the earliest.

' One day, when I was a very little boy, as far back as I can remember, I had been dressed up in some fine clothes—a sort of plaid suit—and sent with the others for a walk, and somehow I got lost. I suspect that I should have been very much frightened, but I came upon a ragged lad who looked so hungry and wretched that I forgot all about myself. He must have wondered as I came up to him and said, " Why haven't you any nice clothes to wear like I have ? "

' He told me that his father was dead, his mother was very ill, and he had come out to gather a few sticks to make a fire. My heart was full enough before ; now it ran over. I took hold of his ragged sleeve and cried, " You must come home with me ; you *shall* ! My father shall be your father and my home your home, and we will make your mother better and you shall have my clothes to wear." Home we went. He knew

the way. Straight home, and still holding on to the torn sleeve I led him from room to room looking for my mother. Ah, I remember well how he went away—how my sleeves came far above his wrists, and how he carried a great basket of good things.'

A picture of the boy and a picture of the home he was born into, where kindness dwelt from the beginning!

Later on he remembered and described hurrying to the door at the sound of the town crier's bell. ' " Oyez, oyez, oyez," he began. He was the angel in cocked hat and gay apparel who stirred the somewhat sluggish pool of our existence. Then came the announcement : " Take notice. There is going to be a teetotal meetin' at the teetotal chapel this evening at seven o'clock, when four young chaps is going for to speak who never spoke afore." I fancy,' Mark Guy adds, ' my first impression of teetotalism was a mysterious process by which the dumb were enabled to talk.'

Another memory of those early years he often referred to, which sank very deeply into his mind. He has told the story of ' Old Rosie ' ; of how he would be put on a little stool by her bedside, while the hymn was sung, the chapter read, and a prayer offered by his father ; of how the dear old saint would then lay her hands on his head and pray, ' God bless the little lad ; bless him, Lord, and please, Lord, to make him a preacher, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.'

' I felt,' he wrote afterwards, ' as if it laid a spell on me that I was almost powerless to break. It was

almost an ordination service. But I fought against it. To be a preacher was to be poor. Preachers were dull, prosaic, awfully good. But a doctor. That was life indeed! To gallop about a wondering world on a horse and cut off arms and legs! That was excitement, glow, glory—I dared not say anything until I was away far enough to be out of sight of the cottage. Then I put my foot down and said, "I *won't*," and meant it, too. But the memory lived on, tugging uncomfortably at my heart-strings, and I dreaded that one day old Rosie's prayers would prevail.'

From childhood Mark Guy Pearse drank in the traditions of Methodism, in the county where John Wesley had left such a deep and enduring spiritual impression. His early teacher was the Rev. W. W. Butlin, who had a private school in Camborne. Later on he was sent to a Moravian school at Zeist, near Utrecht, in Holland.

A picture of those days supplied the closing illustration in his *Sermons for Children*. His text was 'Our Father, which art in heaven,' and he wanted to show that He cannot forget the youngest. Then he opened his book of memories. 'Once I was coming home from school in the wild winter, on board a steamer. The tossing sea made me very ill and very wretched, and I lay down in the cabin as miserable as I could be. I felt all so lonely there in the steamer by myself, and so far away from everybody that cared for me, and was altogether as miserable as ever a little lad was in the

world. But how foolish it was of me. For by and by the steamer got to the pier, and, before I stirred, there was a hand on my shoulder, and, looking up, I saw my father, and he told me how he had been watching for a long time. How he had climbed up a high hill and had watched the first far-off streak of steam. How he had kept his eye on it as it came nearer. How he pictured me on board, and then, as soon as it drew near to land, hurried down himself to welcome me. Foolish little fellow, thinking myself so lonely and forgotten! Let us trust our Father, dear children. Be quite sure that He stands on His holy hill watching us with tenderest love, watching when it is wild and stormy. And by and by He too shall come to welcome us home to the Father's House.'

He was next sent to Wesley College at Sheffield, and here he remained for some years, and came under the influence of that remarkable head master, Dr. Waddy. He was withdrawn rather suddenly about 1857, by a curious chain of events which had an echo more than half a century later. It happened that, just as the term ended, the country was thrilled by the trial of Madeleine Smith, a Scotch girl who was accused of poisoning her lover in order to marry a more wealthy suitor. After a nine days' trial the Scottish verdict of 'Not proven' was given. 'Throughout this ordeal,' says Lord Birkenhead in *More Famous Trials*, 'the centre of interest was the quiet, demure, pretty girl who sat in the dock, obviously interested but not concerned.' Even

far-off Camborne was deeply interested in her case.

Seventy years later Mr. Pearse's family were gathered as usual to celebrate his birthday, when the death of Madeleine Smith in America was reported in the newspapers, and a curtain was suddenly lifted from the past. 'I will tell you a tale about her,' he said. 'When that trial happened I was just returning from school at Sheffield, and there came on a terrible snowstorm. The train in those days only went as far as Exeter; we were linked to the outside world by a single coach. I got as far as Camelford, and was there snowbound, and had to seek refuge with my uncle, Warwick Pearse. I got a warm welcome there, and thought little of the raging storm; but it was ten days before I could reach Camborne. My parents looked terribly grave and worried. "Come into my study, my son," my father said, and when I went, readily enough, he handed me an opened letter. "I opened it," he said. "Now what have you to say about it?" It was an ardent love-letter, addressed to me and signed with a woman's name. "Somebody is playing you a trick, father. It has nothing to do with me. I never heard of her," I said. "It comes from Sheffield, my boy," said he. "I have it," I laughed. "It is those two young villains"—and I named two of my school friends; "they are having you on! It's just their silly nonsense!" And so it was.

'My father sighed—a sigh of relief. "Well, Guy," he said, "your mother and I have been in a terrible

state of anxiety about you. This letter in my hand is very much like one we have been reading of in that dreadful trial, and we feared you had been got hold of and entangled somehow." (Bless them!) "So we decided that you should not return to Sheffield. We would rather have you nearer. And I have articled you to Dr. Hingston of Liskeard to begin your training as a medical student." And I laughed and protested in vain, for the agreement was made, and all along of Madeleine Smith!'

Probably the protest was not very serious, for it must all have been a little flattering to a boy of sixteen—whatever the consequence. To Dr. Hingston's he went, at all events, and there he remained for the next two years or more.

Dr. Hingston's two daughters, who were small children at the time, have been kind enough to give some account of his life with them. They said that Mrs. Hingston had at first received him into her home with some misgiving. She was much occupied with her young family, and felt the responsibility of taking charge of this young and only son; but his father's plea of relationship helped to settle the matter, and she never regretted his coming. She was always 'Mother' to him.

'I have heard my mother say that he was a bit of a dandy when he came,' said Mrs. Barber. 'But my remembrance of him is how he used to amuse us by the hour; how, if we were poorly, he would have my sister and me in his room, put us on two little stools before a

chair, give us pencils and paper, and set us to draw pictures. I was only four years old at the time. He would tell us wonderful stories. If we went for a drive with him, as sure as we got to St. Cleerdowns, he would get out and look amongst the rocks, and always came back with slices of cake or plum-pudding that he had found there—which, of course, we believed, but we never found any after he had left ! On Sunday mornings, on mother's return from the seven o'clock prayer-meeting, he would be at the door with one of us on each of his shoulders, and would pop us out to give her a welcome.'

Miss Hingston writes, ' I remember once, when I had done something wrong, he said I must be put " in prison," and I was put on a little stool against the wall, and a threefold clothes-horse with a sheet on it put around me ! and didn't I cry !—But how he loved us, and that love has continued all through the years. His last letter, in 1928, began, " My dear little maid." I remember hearing my father say that he was more for drawing than for anatomy, and when supposed to be studying this subject he would be drawing the large bones, with grotesque heads, fighting one another. No wonder if Dr. Hingston sometimes despaired of his pupil.'

But his mind was all this time turning more towards religious matters, no doubt partly through the influence of their home and the sweet everyday piety of Mrs. Hingston. He said himself many a time that he would never have become a Methodist minister but for her.

Aged about 20

[*Face p.* 24

Another chance happening (if there are such), which he has described in *How I Preached my First Sermon*, resulted in his becoming a local preacher, and led him to spend perhaps more time in making sermons than in studying medicine. He would often call Mrs. Hingston from her household duties—'Now, mother, here's another sermon. You must come and listen to this one'—and she would come tripping, with her radiant interest and her little curls, to hear the *twelfth* sermon on the Prodigal Son! He and two friends of his, the Rev. R. P. Davey and the Rev. A. D. Cope, used to meet together on Saturday afternoons for prayer and discussion in the summer-house of the Rosedean garden. He took a keen interest in the chapel scheme set on foot at Liskeard, and, when a public meeting was called to receive promises of help, which came in rather slowly, he was there, and sent up from the audience a paper signed 'A minor, £1,' and again, 'A working man, £1,' to help matters on, and to encourage those who 'were backward in coming forward.'

A memory of these early days came when the Diamond Jubilee of Minard's Cross Chapel was held in September 1920, and the Rev. H. R. Hindley, who heard that Mr. Pearse had been at the opening in 1860, asked him for a message to the congregation. He replied that he wished he could join them, but was engaged at Newquay. The message he sent gave great pleasure, and the Rev. R. P. Davey, then eighty-three, told with evident pleasure how he and

Mr. Pearse, when young local preachers in the Liskeard circuit, walked over five miles to Minard's Cross on that September afternoon. Three years later Mr. Hindley met Mr. Pearse, who had been visiting the church at Heysham said to be built on the spot where St. Patrick and his companions landed in the fifth century to evangelize Britain. He was able to take the veteran's portrait, and listened to his lecture at Morecambe that night on 'What is the matter with most of us?' He wrote in his diary, 'Wonderful man at eighty-one. Church crowded at all the services.'

In October 1861 he left Cornwall for London, and was entered at St. Bartholomew's Hospital as a medical student. He worked, however, at the same time, with loyalty and devotion, at the nearest Wesleyan chapel, and was soon troubled by very serious questionings as to whether he ought not to resign his medical career and enter the ministry. One day, not very long after he had settled down in his new surroundings, he was introduced at a friend's house to the Rev. Thomas Vasey, at that time superintendent of the Hackney circuit. Mr. Vasey's kindly, genial manner won the lonely student's heart, and a few evenings later he found himself sitting in his new friend's study and telling him all about himself and what he was doing, and, most of all, his irrepressible sense of having been called to the ministry. 'This conversation,' he said himself, 'was the beginning of a kindness and interest that it is impossible to describe.' In June 1862, Mr. Vasey

wrote to Mark Guy's father, revealing his trouble of mind and urging him not to stand in his son's way. 'I can well understand your anxiety,' his letter ran. 'It appears to me that your son has for some time past been much unsettled in his mind as to the path of duty, *his predilections always running in one direction*, viz. for the ministry, but his temporal interests and the wishes of his friends seeming to counsel a contrary course. This internal conflict seems to have reached its crisis on his coming to town to study for the medical profession, when he felt himself destitute of the professional ardour necessary to ensure success. . . . His uncle conversed with him on the subject, and ascertained from him the deep undercurrent of his desires.'

Mr. Vasey goes on to say that Mark Guy has now definitely made up his mind for the ministry, and that he himself is satisfied as to the reality of his call, and his fitness for the work: 'He is very acceptable wherever he preaches'; and he finishes his letter by assuring his father that he has so much interest and hope in the young man's career that he will spare no pains to prepare him for his theological course; 'we want such men most urgently.'

It is hardly necessary to say that no further objection was raised by his parents, and in the following October the young Mark Guy entered Didsbury College, and began to work in earnest at his chosen calling. Reminiscences of those far-off days are hard to come by, but some letters written to his sister Margaret, then at

boarding-school and later on married to the Rev. James Pratt, have been preserved. He used to send them fortnightly, under the title of 'The Didsbury College Times.' They are mainly fraternal advice, tempered with comic drawings; it is worth while to quote a few extracts that show his characteristic common sense and cheerful goodness of heart.

'. . . Let me just say (that we may get the preaching over first)—be careful about your companions, for unless there is some *one*, or at most two, whom we like best we don't get along very well. Be friendly and agreeable to all. . . . You need look up to nobody; that is, you won't be tempted to seek their patronage. Watch them all, and see especially little ways where selfishness has a chance of peeping out, but where unselfishness comes in instead, for, you know, of all qualities the *real* Pearses most admire *unselfishness*, and most *hate* show for the sake of show. Then take a good religious stand immediately. Cant is disgusting, but . . . nothing so cements friendship as an interchange of religious sentiments in a free natural way. Make religion what God intended it to be, not a sighing, white-eyed, sickly sentimentalism, but a good strong common-sensed thing, happy yet reverent, active yet modest. . . . *Be cautious*. We are open and trusting as a family, and my trouble has been too much trust in untried friends. Be cautious, and yet better err on the side of frankness and ready affection than on the other. But I am going beyond my place. If, as

Kingsley says, the girl is a woman years before the boy is a man, *you* should be having the pulpit and I should be all ears in the pew. . . .

'You of course have seen the letters in the *Recorder* about our playing football. We sent back two slashing letters, but they put an end to the correspondence and so we didn't appear. Of course, we still play vigorously enough, and could you see us you wouldn't think it "low or vulgar"—nor, if you came into one of our study prayer-meetings, would you consider us unministerial. I can just picture the old gentleman who wrote the letter "Old Wesleyanism."' [A lively illustration follows.]

'*April* 1863. . . . Now I am settled again, I must resume the old style of sermon, intelligence, and sketches. Life is made up of light and shade, grave and gay. Yet stay, here I have committed myself now, for my great theory is that *religion is neither gloomy nor dull*, but that the highest duty of a Christian is to be a *happy person*, and that till they get religion enough to make them happy they should keep their possession all secret, for I've seen some men so gloomy, and grave and sad in their talk of good things, that if I had known no other phase of religion I should have thanked God I *hadn't* a religion that could *make me so miserable*. So that my sermon is not the shade or the grave. I want it to be happy, that it may be Godlike, and would we be Godlike we too must be happy. Happiness and its cultivation is a *duty*, a thing to be

acquired as a habit. Old Rosie's smiling face and heavenly look have gone down deeper in my memories than any sermon, and have testified more to the reality of religion than all the anti-infidel works.'

A walking tour with a fellow student, the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, pleasantly filled the Easter vacation. A characteristic story of him at this time was told recently by Dr. Rattenbury. ' Mark Guy Pearse, when a student at Didsbury College, objected to the strict rule of those days against the use of tobacco. The theological tutor of the time was Dr. John Hannah. At the beginning of the autumn term Dr. Hannah told the students that he had formed a new resolution. " You must know," he said, " that in the past I always smoked one pipe of tobacco before retiring to bed. Mrs. Hannah filled the pipe and brought it to me every night. But it so happened that I stayed in a home at Conference where my hosts strongly objected to tobacco-smoking, and so I was deprived for three weeks of my nightly pipe. On the first night of my return, Mrs. Hannah, as usual, filled my pipe. ' No, my dear,' I said, ' I have done without a pipe for three weeks without discomfort, and now the pipe and I will part company for ever.' " " Does that apply all round, sir? " said a young student. " Why do you ask that question, Mr. Pearse? " " Well, sir, did you say to Mrs. Hannah, ' My dear, I have been separated from you for three weeks without discomfort, let us part company for ever? ' ' ' ' The boy was the father of the man.

Brave trust in God be thine alway:
So shalt thou rest
Infallible: if day by day
He have in all things His own way,
Thou shalt be blest,
And good shall be yet more than good:
God's very best.

The little chapel where Mark Guy Pearse preached his first Sermon

Chapter II

EARLY MINISTRY

Mr. Pearse began his ministry in Leeds, and continued, with growing popularity, in various centres until he joined Hugh Price Hughes in West London. His gifts were manifest from the beginning. He had a voice of singular sweetness and power ; his dramatic expression and his pictorial imagination gave life to all his sermons. 'Somehow,' said Thomas Champness, 'you feel as if you had known the Apostle Peter after the preacher has drawn the picture of the fisher-friend of Jesus.' He knew how to gain the attention of his hearers, and he held it to the end.

He was brought up among people who felt that a good sermon was an enjoyment, an entertainment. A sermon that stirred no emotion lacked much. He was going along the street one Sunday morning with his father when they met a grand old saint returning from his place of worship. 'Well, Anthony,' said his father, 'I hope you have had a good service.' 'Sarvice! Bless'ee, maister, there wadn't feelin' enough in the sarmon for to touch the heart of a grammar-sow' (Cornish for a wood-louse).

The influences that went farthest to shape his character, he used to say, were those of the old

Wesleyan chapel at home, where he worshipped as a lad, the fervent singing of the hymns, and the earnest piety of the people—' exemplified in such sturdy goodness as that of Dr. George Smith of Trevu, and Captain Charles Thomas of Dolcoath Mine, and my own father, who, in regard to their principles, were made of Cornish granite, but whose faces were lit with a hopefulness and gladness as of sunshine upon granite.'

He seems to have been only a year at Didsbury, for he writes to his sisters on October 20, 1863, from 14 Springfield Terrace, Burmantoft, Leeds.

'My very dear Margaret and Fanny,—Your letters have duly arrived and been much enjoyed, but I am so busy I can scarcely find time to reply. It is now nearly eleven o'clock, and I am sitting in my snug little drawing-room, taking a mouthful of bread and cheese and then writing another line. I have an especial amount of work just now—making my home mission plan to-day, and writing a sermon for Richmond Hill Chapel for Sunday evening and a mission sermon in the morning. Then visiting in this wretched neighbourhood sickens and wearies one completely. . . . Last night I was at a missionary meeting in the country with some friends—got home between twelve and one—so to-night can't hope to write any "great shakes" of a letter.

'. . . Take care of yourselves. Work hard. Keep friends with all the world. Butter yourselves

all over with kindness and all the world shall be buttery with kindness to you, only don't butter the tips of your fingers! It's because the sun *will* shine that the flowers come and the young birds and the summer-time. If he got in a pet and said he *wouldn't* shine upon such an old dark, cold place as this—eh! what would become of you? Remember what somebody says:

'Folks "love each other and grow like each other."

'The loving "like the sun in spring, all mild and generous."

'The loved "like the earth all budding out with love."

'Take an old man's advice whose gums are crunching his last mouthful of bread and cheese—he is just going to yawn, sneeze, and be off to bed.

'Wishing you every good, with much love,

'Believe me, dear Maggie Dewsnail and Fanny Slug,

'Your own loving

'Ould nuncle Jan Trenoweth.'

Thomas Champness had a lively remembrance of hearing him preach in a Leeds theatre. 'It was a picturesque service, and had all that *bizarre* look that seems to harmonize with Pearse's style. He was at home on the stage; for there is enough of the Bohemian

in the man to make you feel that he could preach as well to a company of sailors or gipsies as to the respectable sinners who frequent our churches.'

After a year at Leeds he was moved to North London, and some months later he wrote to his father and mother asking that one of his sisters might come to look after him for a time. 'It would help me in my studies, as I should be less downhearted at times . . . and my part is the healthiest in London according to returns. Dalston stands first on the list.' The request was granted, for on February 3, 1865, he writes to Margaret from 2 Sinfield Terrace, Richmond Road:

> '. . . I am very happy to be able to inform you that matters are now being rapidly prepared for your visit, and in three weeks or at most a month I shall welcome you as my housekeeper. I am beginning to anticipate already. You don't know what a snug little place I have, and as the evenings get longer you'll have to take long walks with me. We are not far from Victoria Park—not far from the City. So Tuesdays and Thursdays, my walking evenings, you'll have long tramps of about three or four miles. We shall get along splendidly together. I'm reading Bickersteth's Life at meal-times when not fagging over Watson, and find he had a fancy for company and kept a little dog, which little dog quarrel'd with the servant-girl and was shown the door. You must

keep clear of any such calamities here lest you should share the same fate, but there isn't much fear of that ! You will enjoy yourself wonderfully. . . . The friends are so very kind, the apartments so clean and comfortable, and people so attentive, and everything so happy, I often think I have more reason to sing that old Pearse-psalm than anybody *in the whole world.* It is so delightful preaching when the heart's in tune, and visiting the poor dark people at our new mission, Homerton. You'll have to get some work when you come, but that I know will be all in your way.

'Yesterday I went to hear Mr. Punshon. He preached a *grand* sermon, but to me 'twas like a man going along a road fill'd with costliest apples of gold, or anything you like that comes tumbling down by him, and he stoops to pick up one, when another drops ; he runs to it, and then comes another ; he leaves the former for that one, and is drawn off by another, till he gets to the end of the road, and, unable to go back, finds he hasn't got one of the prizes, and only remembers their beauty. I couldn't send you now a *single* idea of his sermon perfectly, yet I listen'd most attentively, and can usually carry away the greater part of a sermon that interests me.

'. . . Last night I was at Homerton. We had a good time, and, at the prayer-meeting after, several of them pray'd for help to believe, for pardon. . . . The friends here are getting stirr'd up about the

blessing of Entire Holiness. They are beginning to see it *is* attainable *here, in this life,* and I should like you to see a letter I got from a candidate for the ministry, on stepping into the enjoyment of it by simple faith, last Thursday evening. This is what we want. To give up praying for Holiness for the Church, but begin to pray for Holiness for *our own selves*.

'Tell dear Mamma the Mince Pies are delicious, quite a treat. I am very careful of them. One every day after dinner, and, when I have been working hard at home all night, one before I go to bed, as I have no supper as a regular meal.'

The Conference of 1865 appointed him to the Brixton Hill Circuit, where he was very happy. There are very few records of this date, but another letter to Margaret Pearse, dated October 27, 1865, gives a lively picture of his busy life. The Rev. Alfred H. Vine, mentioned here, was an early and intimate friend, evidently preparing for the ministry, which he entered in 1867.

'If you could peep in on me at any hour of the day you would not think me at all long in not writing to you, for I am engaged all day. This week a couple of sermons for our grand congregation at Brixton; then on Monday off to the missionary meeting at Dunstable; on Tuesday back to our missionary meeting here; then hard at work at a

lecture on Chatterton for Tuesday week. There is every moment taken up till then, in addition to my other work—my ordinary work.

'I have just commenced a sort of Young Men's Class. We have essays one week, readings another, lectures a third, and essays a fourth. I have to give the inaugural lecture on Tuesday week. What with sermonizing, lectures and examinations, I really am quite full. Vine and I work away together very hard. An hour before breakfast at Greek Testament, then from 9 till 3.30 or 4 at hard work; then a walk till dinner-time half an hour after, or if not a walk a boxing match or other row.

> The sundry blows and knocks
> By which we prove us orthodox

in our muscular Christianity. Then off to preaching, or a settling down to fagging again for the evening. Mind you make your man dine late when you get him. He'll do twice the work. After dinner you will get him in his study no more until 7 or 8 at night, and if he gets six hours in the morning and an hour before breakfast of pure head work, he cannot do better than push you out in a bath chair along the Weymouth cliffs for the rest of the day.'

(Then follows a delightful illustration of a lady being pushed in a bath chair with terrific energy.)

On August 31, 1866, he married Mary Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. John Cooper, of the Manor House, Dunstable. A later chapter deals with his domestic life, and it suffices to say here that this union was entirely happy, and for nearly fifty years Mrs. Pearse was loved by every one for her sweetness, her quiet decision and simplicity of character. No man could have had a more perfect helpmate, and his devotion to her until the day of her death, February 4, 1914, will be remembered by all who knew them.

The year after his marriage he was appointed to the Ipswich circuit, and here he first began to think of writing. When he preached at the village of Tallington, he used to stay with Mr. Keeble, and, with one of the small boys on his shoulder, would march round the room, singing as he went. The scene of *Mister Horn and His Friends* was laid in that village, and Mr. Keeble's son well remembers Mr. Fulcher, the original character who suggested ' Mr. Horn ' to his mind, and who watched the village chapel rising brick by brick with rare delight. The book itself was written and published during the three years he spent at Bedford, his next circuit. Mr. Pearse was not ordained into the Wesleyan ministry until the August of this year, 1869, having, after ' a battle royal ' in Conference, been ' put back ' two years on account of having married earlier than the rules of his Church admitted. He delighted to talk of his two eldest children as his ' little

illegitimates,' for these two, having been born before his ordination, were not recognized by the Connexion, and received no educational allowance.

By this time he had begun to make his mark as a preacher, and the prospects at Bedford seemed very bright. 'This morning Mr. Grey took me over the house,' he writes to his wife. 'They have really done well for us. The drawing-room is a large room, and they are furnishing it well. There is a Brussels carpet and new red rep drawing-room chairs. I am sure we shall be very happy. My only fear is about the people's great expectation.'

His reputation grew rapidly, and he achieved a great success at the Annual Meeting of the Agricultural Society, where he had to respond to the toast of 'The clergy and ministers of other denominations.' His speech was much talked of, and many of the farmers who heard it went to hear him preach. Ten thousand copies of his tract, *Can I be Saved?* were given away at the gates when the Royal Agricultural Show was held in Bedford.

In a letter a year or two later he writes, 'Next morning Mr. Spurgeon came down. I had to preach before the Bedfordshire Union of Christians. It was a large service, attended by about thirty ministers. I got on comfortably. Then came dinner with Mr. Spurgeon. He and I seemed to become rather thick, for before the day was over he asked me to preach for him in the Tabernacle on Sunday morning, June 2.

The deacon attending him pressed me to do so, and added that Mr. Spurgeon had never asked a Wesleyan minister to do so before. It was, I am quite sure, the flattering estimate that Mr. Fred Howard[1] had been pouring into his ear that so stirred him in my favour. I could not go.'

A little incident shows the homely side of his nature. He had walked six miles to preach on a Tuesday evening at Hollrock, and found a Methodist family sitting down to their evening meal. The mother asked him if he would like a cup of tea. He sat down with them, and said, 'I should like some of that dish.' It was rabbit and pork stew with dumplings, which he enjoyed so much that he afterwards wrote for the recipe. Unfortunately, he confessed, his own cook did not make it anything like the dish he had enjoyed so much at Hollrock. It should be added in mitigation of that verdict that the cook's dish was not spiced by the long country walk.

It was with regret that he left Bedford, then a small town with a population of some 16,000, to return to London. 'I am always thankful,' he once wrote, 'that I was brought up in a little town, where everybody had a chance of knowing everybody else, and all the comedies and tragedies and sweet commonplaces of life.' He loved to talk to his hearers in an intimate way. His preaching was brimful of warm human feeling. 'It is pictorial preaching,' writes one who used to

[1] The leading manufacturer of the town—afterwards Sir Frederick Howard.

listen to him, ' full of vivid illustrations and especially of exquisite domestic vignettes, revealing a tender and pitiful insight into the pathos and frailty of our common life and a loving intimacy with its sweet and homely aspects ; such preaching cuts a straight path for itself into the wistful human heart.'

At Mildmay Park, where he next went, he was recognized as one of the most popular preachers in our ministry. His *Sermons for Children*, which ran into more than thirty-five editions, were preached here, and dedicated to ' the boys and maidens of Mildmay Park Chapel.'

Once a month his week-night service was devoted to the boys and girls. Their hymns were used ; the prayer was very brief and simple, and the lessons were expounded so as to interest and instruct them. Some hundreds came, and parents came with their children, thus, in many instances, beginning a regular attendance at the House of God. Mr. Pearse himself felt the blessing of such services, and saw how much a preacher might gain by them. ' To try and come down to the level of the little ones, to be gladdened by the sight of so many bright and interested faces, to become a child again in sympathy and thought, and to have the children's love so generously given in return—not many things will check so effectually as this all tendencies to dry-rot in the pulpit. And other services will come to share in the simplicity and tenderness of these.' The sermons themselves tell the little ones,

not only of Jesus, but of Jesus as their Saviour, ' to be loved and trusted now.'

Mr. A. V. Alexander, M.P., remembers an address which he gave to Sunday-school teachers in Bristol : ' You know, when you are dealing with children you should always remember what you see their mothers do with them. Give them what they like—not too much at a time, but give it to them warm.'

The Rev. Samuel E. Keeble, then a worker at the famous Radnor Street Schools, heard him talk to the children at its anniversary in City Road.

' The dear old chapel is crammed to excess in the afternoon. The original roof, much lower then than now, was touched at the back of the far gallery by a line of youthful heads, with rapturous eyes gazing at Mark Guy Pearse as he delivered the children's address. I can see him crouching in the pulpit, watching a lion, majestic and stealthy, on the prowl round a missionary's caravan in the African desert.

' The wife, the children, and the missionary are terrified lest the lion should spring and break through the slight cover of the van. They kneel down and pray. A light breeze springs up and lifts the corner of the cover, and then falls, and the cover flaps resoundingly. The lion is arrested by it—regards it with a fixed gaze. It rises and falls again from the same cause. The old lion leaps back with startled steps. A third time the process is repeated, and the lion turns tail and flees in panic. I can see Mr. Pearse now

watching with terror the approaching lion, and now retreating to the back of the pulpit with the frightened monster, and finally turning his back as the lion tears off. The thousand children present held their breaths whilst this narration proceeded, and rejoiced at this answer to prayer. The play of feature, the charm of his smile, the light of his eye, and the felicity of his narrative-skill, can never be forgotten by me.'

One who as a Didsbury student heard him preaching to a crowded congregation in Mildmay Park still sees and hears the dramatic scene in which the importunate widow cried, 'Avenge me, avenge me of mine adversary.'

A description of him, in the pulpit and on the platform, from the pen of a well-known journalist, belongs to a later date, but its vivid impression of his personality and method may find a place here. His lectures were once said to be like his sermons only more so! In them he gave his dramatic powers free rein, whether in comedy or pathos, and would evoke shouts of laughter at one moment, and a tense stillness with tears filling and over-brimming many eyes a few minutes later.

'One of the most astonishing things about him,' says this account, 'is his voice. It is clear, sonorous, ringing, jocund. There are no cracks, no rough edges, no jars. His voice is the man. . . . One seems to see the plunging sound as it leaps from his lips into the air, roundly sonorous, smoothly deep. With such a voice Chaucer might have smote the rafters at the

Tabard Inn ; with such a voice rare Ben Jonson might have trolled a chorus at the Mermaid Tavern.

' And what a face he has ! First it beams with good humour, then grows serious and clouds gather sullenly and bitterly ; the storm breaks violently with crash after crash of thunder ; it ceases suddenly, the sun bursts from behind a cloud, and the birds begin to sing again. . . . I hope a day will come when I may again hear him describe the old lady who thought " false doctrine " meant the indiscriminate use of patent medicines, and may hear him tell Wesleyan Methodists their weak points with genial but astounding candour. And most of all I want to hear him talk about birds and flowers. They are two favourite studies of his, and he enthrals your average mortal when he bids himself discourse on them.'

'I SHALL BE ANOINTED WITH FRESH OIL'

(*Psalm* xcii. 10)

THOU all-wise Maker of this mystic me,
Thy hands alone can keep me at my best:
To keep me sweet in thought and word and deed:
To keep from rust the while that I must rest:
To keep in harmony Thy will with mine,
And harmony with all the daily life:
To keep from friction, grinding, grating care:
To keep me free from enmity and strife:
To me in all the round of daily toil
Renew, I pray, Thy consecrating oil.

Aged about 35

[*Face p.* 49

Chapter III

BREAKDOWN AND RECOVERY

From Mildmay Park, which had at that time a wealthy and influential congregation, Mr. Pearse was invited to Westminster, on the fringe of a very poor district. Since he had settled in London he had begun to suffer from time to time from sleeplessness, for which the best remedy was a few days' holiday in the open air. On one of these brief holidays a letter was written from Launceston on September 13, 1870, which dates the opening of a very pleasant chapter in his life. 'Tomorrow,' it says, 'we are going to fish for trout in the Inney or the Tamar. Mr. Pethybridge is a good fisherman, and I shall enjoy it. It is fly-fishing, a thing new to me.' From that time onward, as long as he could handle a rod, almost all his holidays were spent in fly-fishing. He had been familiar with sea-fishing from a boy, but this was another thing. The quiet, the long tramps over the moor, the recuperative power of the solitude and of the beauty of nature, for body and soul alike, added to the fascination of luring the trout, made it for him a perfect recreation.

He often stayed with his friend, Mr. Edward Pethybridge, of Launceston, of whom he wrote, on his death

in 1907, 'There is no man I have ever known that I have loved more; always the same, so simple, so unselfish, yet so lofty in his ideal. Such sunshine was in his smile, such kindliness in all his ways, such a pleasant humour, that to be with him was as a perpetual summer.' In the spring of 1876, overwork brought on sleeplessness, and Mr. Pearse went down for two or three weeks of the usual delightful fishing holiday, and returned much better and, as he hoped, fit for work. But later on in the year the strain proved too great; he had a severe nervous breakdown, and was ordered away for a year's complete rest. This was a serious matter. There were now five small children, the eldest only nine years old, as well as a little delicate baby. Mr. Pearse's father was unable to help him, his money being mostly engaged in Cornish tin-mining, which was not doing well just then; and things must have looked rather black for a few days. Then a telegram came from Mr. Pethybridge offering him his very comfortable cottage at Bude for a year; a little later came a generous cheque from a wealthy member of his congregation, and, when it was followed by an expected and substantial cheque from the Wesleyan Methodist Bookroom, he said with a light heart, 'Instead of my lying awake wondering what I should do *for* money, I was lying awake wondering what I should do *with* it!'

Bude at that time was a small trading port, twenty miles' drive from Launceston, the nearest railway

station. The long journey from London was a trying one ; Mr. Pearse tired and worn out, the baby very ill and fretful, and Jean, the eldest little girl, feverish and miserable. Kind Mrs. Pethybridge had tea waiting for them at Launceston before the long drive, but even when they got to Lake Cottage their troubles were not over. Jean's illness proved to be scarlet fever, and one after another the whole family went down with it, except Mrs. Pearse, whose fortitude and mother-wit were taxed to the utmost. The village was scared. No tradesman dared bring anything to the house. All provisions were left on a little bridge 100 yards away, and money and orders were left there too. This was not so risky as it might appear. Cornwall is notoriously honest ! Even to-day they tell you they rarely lock up their cottages, and if they are going out for any length of time they leave the key in the lock *outside* the front door—so that their friends may know where they are. It was difficult, however, to get supplies of necessary things at the moment they were needed, and if it had not been for a kind farmer's wife, who was not afraid to bring milk, butter, and eggs to the house, they would have gone short often enough.

Still, in a couple of months the invalids were all fairly mended, and then began—for the children, at all events—the most blissful period they had ever experienced. No more crowded, jostling streets to walk in, or gloomy basement rooms for meals. No

more murky fogs, like that terrifying one when, in the nursery at the top of the house, while nurse was chatting in the kitchen, darkness came on, with a sky full of strange lurid reddish lights, and four small children sat close together under the table, with their handkerchiefs hung carefully along the edges to shield them from immediate notice in case it was the end of the world! That catastrophe seemed much more imminent then than ever after; for nurse used to cite from Old Moore, or some earlier famous prophet who understood the matter:

> The world unto an end shall come
> In eighteen hundred and eighty-one,

and one feared that the date might have been put even earlier. But all this seemed far enough away in Cornwall.

Happy days, when there was no school to go to—no lessons even, for the nursery governess had her hands full 'helping mother'; and long rambles on the downs with their father, who had an endless store of knowledge about birds, flowers, cliffs, stars, and all the wonders of the universe, were the enchanting form in which education was offered. Every morning they ran to the beach. Half a century has not dimmed the memory of that sparkling blue-green sea, of the yellow sands and blue mussel-clad rocks, with the delicious little pools in them edged round with white and pink and green seaweed, where anemones opened

and shut, and tiny whisking fairies fled like shadows —how could an ignorant elder sister pretend they were baby shrimps! Happy days, when he could write as he wrote on December 1: 'Every day the children have been by the sea, digging; yesterday and the day before there was warm sunshine. I was in a cave, and had lit a fire just outside with the driftwood on the beach, and sat there with my Bible and note-book jotting down a few thoughts that I have called *A Bundle of Bude Lights*. I was summoned from my retreat to attend the funeral of a dead sea-bird that they had found. The grave was dug, and to the funeral dirge, "Who killed Cock Robin?" he was tenderly laid to rest, and the pretty little grave was crowned with a cross of white stone.'

Of course, there were not always such halcyon days. Wild storms beat upon the coast, leaving tragedy behind. A companion picture to the above comes in a letter written in the following March.

> 'I got home about 9 o'clock, and, as I had to talk to the folks next morning, I hurried over my supper and then sat down to a quiet cigar to meditate on a text. Boots off, in slippers and dressing-gown beside a snug fire, I was just getting into my subject when I heard the bang of a loud report, and in came Mrs. Wonnacott to say that a ship was gone ashore on the breakwater, and that the rocket apparatus

had just fired a rope to the men. Of course, away went the slippers and off went the dressing-gown, and I was over the downs, seeing the glare of Blue Lights in the distance. Away down a steep sandy road on to the sands, and then away outside the farthest rocks I could just make out the sail of a ship. The ship was wedged right in between the rocks. This is a sketch that I took afterwards by daylight. As the tide was going out at the time, the men managed to step ashore, all except one, who was drawn ashore by the rocket apparatus. Meanwhile, however, the lifeboat had put out, not knowing in the darkness the position of affairs. They got through the breakers at the mouth of the harbour, and then were caught by a heavy sea and upset. All got back into the boat except one; the coxswain was missing. It is supposed that he must have been struck in some way by the boat. He was never seen again. He leaves a widow and eleven children, the eldest a lad of fourteen, a very good steady boy who attends our chapel and sings in our choir. I put an appeal in the *Methodist* and *Methodist Recorder*, and every post since then has brought me lots of letters. I have already received £80, including a collection at our little chapel after my service last Sunday morning. I shall make it up to £100, I expect.'

This little fund set up the widow in business, and

she did very well; and years after he met a member of the family in Canada who recalled how much he had done for them.

Before long his pen was busy again. 'I am very thankful that I can write again comfortably now, and will send you a little sketch or two soon. *The Little Red Dwarf* was inspired by the Scotch mountains and worked out along the rivers, so that it cannot fail to be fresh, and anything but dry!' This was to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Cooper, who then lived at Crieff.

The year went by all too quickly. Summer by the sea brought health and strength to himself and all the children, and in the autumn of 1877 he resumed work in the quiet town of Launceston. He was not even yet fit for a strenuous circuit, and he used to take his Sunday duties alternately in a town pulpit and a country one. Launceston is ringed round with village chapels, and, either walking or being driven in a Cornish 'jingle,' he visited them all by turns, and picked up many a story. Reminiscences of this sojourn appear in scenes and characters in *Simon Jasper*, which opens with a delightful picture of the quaint and beautiful town of Launceston—little changed to-day—under its ancient name of Dunheved.

'The little town nestles close under the castle, so snug and safe that it is content to sleep, for the most part, in the shadow of its ancient protection. The castle has managed in some subtle way to keep the

town in happy harmony with itself. The narrow streets open suddenly upon a modern-looking market-place, but it upholds an aristocratic dignity by doing nothing for six days of the week, maintaining an air of lofty reserve; and it borrows an appearance of antiquity from an old clock that is placed on its roof, where two ancient figures, gaily painted and gilded, strike the quarters of each hour solemnly, if not with perfect accuracy. You turn aside to a row of shops that display the latest novelties and freshest fashions, but the short street ends in an ancient, square-built gateway, arched, and over it there is the old borough lock-up, to which a straggling staircase climbs from the outside. You may perhaps catch the rumble of the train and the shriek of the whistle, but it is far off and subdued, altogether in another parish, as if old Dunheved itself lay safe from such disturbance and desecration.'

Whilst at Launceston he once exchanged pulpits with the United Methodist minister at Navarino, and, as he walked to meet the circuit conveyance, overheard a man ask his friend, 'What do you think of the preacher to-night?' He replied, 'I did not think so much of him. I thought that he was a great man, but he has been so simple that I understood every word he said.' Mr. Pearse felt that no greater tribute could have been paid him.

After three years in this pleasant seclusion, Mr. Pearse removed to Bristol, where he spent the following

six years, first at Victoria Chapel, in the Clifton circuit, and then at Portland Chapel. By this time his health was thoroughly re-established and he was at the height of his powers. Crowds used to throng to his services. His Wednesday Bible-reading became quite a popular attraction, but it was the prayer-meeting on Friday which he regarded as the pivot of all his work—the 'Big Wheel of the Church,' he called it. He had a deep and passionate belief in prayer. 'What hosts there are who lie away from the reach of the gospel, high and low. They seem to be behind walls and gates; altogether beyond our reach. How can we get at them? *By the power of prayer*. . . . Get little companies of Christians in one another's houses to pray. Have little 'praying-parties: have praying "at homes." God is ready to repeat the miracles of His grace to-day if the Church has but faith to ask for them.' And again, 'This is what we want—*deep personal interest and pleading with God*. We want men and women of God who will take this city upon their hearts and plead for it daily. Let those amid the hallowed quiet of their houses pray for those in the busy whirl of its crowded streets. Let those who are fenced about with virtue and hedged with holy influence plead for those whose earliest days made sin a horrible familiarity. Day and night pray for this great city, so mighty for evil, so mighty for good. From counter, desk, and office let prayer keep going up. Never yet has mighty victory been won by the Church but there

has been this deep personal interest and importunate prayer.'

Forty years later he sent Mr. Telford a private letter in which he describes his methods. 'It has been laid upon my mind, in looking over my long ministerial life, that whatever success may have attended it I ascribe mostly to the fact that I could never get a room big enough to hold the *prayer-meeting*. From a vestry where I found half a dozen I had a schoolroom with 250. I made that the "Big Wheel of the Church." I am writing this privately, because I should not like to publish what seems like proclaiming my self-importance. But to you I may say that the success of the prayer-meeting lay first in the fact that I always took it myself and could work out my own methods: that is *essential*. But, much more than that, I always prepared myself by an hour of quiet communion, and went with "the fire in my hand," as Abraham went up the mount. And in that hour of communion I generally got a little message for the prayer-meeting—often a message that I found later was exactly adapted to some condition or circumstance of somebody present. I got the principal men in the Church to come and I told them they must take part, and they came. The most wonderful week was that in which I asked for slips from those who desired prayer for unconverted relatives or friends—of course, without names. The next week was our praise-meeting, when slips were sent up for special

answers to prayer. I do not think it ever happened without having sometimes wonderful—it ought not to be wonderful—cases of conversion. . . . As I write I recall the days at Clifton and Portland, and elsewhere, when I have seen many sitting outside the schoolroom door, unable to get in, and remember how people came sometimes a distance because they heard that folks got converted there.'

His earnestness and eloquence stirred the city tremendously, and all denominations flocked to hear him. He was full of engagements. 'Last night I preached on behalf of the Bristol Benevolent Institution. We had a great crowd; the Mayor and many others. To-night at the Vestry Hall away in the east. To-morrow at Grenville with *Billy Bray*. On Wednesday my Bible-reading at Victoria and my subject announced—The Eve of the Ascension. Thursday a Blue Ribbon meeting with the navvies at Portskewet.'

It was a new thing for him to wear the 'Blue Ribbon.' For many years he had been a moderate drinker, thinking that it was a nobler thing and a higher exercise of manhood to be temperate than to abstain. But he was not afraid to change his views. In 1882, when speaking at a big temperance meeting at the Colston Hall, Bristol, he said: 'It took me nearly twenty years to see my way to thorough out-and-out total abstinence, and I am but three years old as an abstainer. However, if I cannot bring to-night the

lengthened experience, I can and do bring the fervour of a new convert; and I bring something else that I wish with all my heart I could get rid of. I bring a deep and miserable sense of the *mischief I have wrought as a moderate drinker*. I never took what is called too much. I never took it because I had any special liking for it. I have, as a minister, mixed socially all through these years with those who have been professedly religious. If circumstances can hedge the moderate drinker about with safety, if the amount one takes, and the place and the company in which it is taken determine the rightness or wrongness of moderate drinking, then I claim that no conditions can be found more favourable to utter and complete harmlessness than those in which I have moved. Now, what has been my experience? Bit by bit I have been driven in, by the sheer force of terrible and appalling facts, from my position to total abstinence as the *only* right and safe standpoint for any Christian man.'

He went on to describe the steps by which he came to make this decision. The first was the discovery—illustrated by stories—that total abstinence was a capital thing *for the working-class*. Later, he found terrible havoc wrought by drink in a beautiful home where he had many times sat at the table taking wine, and lending the sanction of his position as a minister of Christ. It was too late to undo this harm, and, much perturbed in spirit, he resolved never to take anything except in his own house. The occasion

that at last led him to sign the pledge may be told in his own words.

'I had gone to the house of a troublesome teetotaller, who had that day buried his only son. My sympathy with him in his great sorrow checked my replies to him in our conversation, and made me think only of how I could comfort him. Of course, we had got on to the old argument. "I do wish you'd join us," he had said earnestly. I shook my head, and congratulated myself on my good company in Cana of Galilee. I went home, but that night I could not sleep. My thoughts and heart went out to this father in his grief. I said half aloud, "I would do anything to comfort him"; at once it occurred to me, "Sign the pledge and join him in temperance work; that would comfort him." "But why should I give up so much for him?" I asked myself. Then came words spoken, I thought, and still think, by the Master Himself. "Thou talkest of My company at Cana of Galilee. What did I give up to comfort thee?" And once again I saw, not Cana, but Calvary. There hung my Lord in His great grief and agony and dreadful shame. For me He had laid down His life! Should I dare any more to quote His example? Yes, indeed I could, but for quite another purpose. "We ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." I sought my Lord's forgiveness for my blind selfishness, and the next morning I signed the pledge and joined my friend in his temperance work.'

An amusing illustration of his methods of temperance work may be told here. One bitter night of winter he took a cab home, and asked the cabman to come in for a warm drink. Inside, he noticed the man had no overcoat, and was told he could not afford one. 'Well, now,' said Mr. Pearse, 'I have a coat upstairs that would fit you, but before I give it to you I must tell you there is something peculiar about it. It's right that you should know all about it before you put it on.' 'What is that, sir?' said the mystified cabman. 'Well,' said Mr. Pearse, 'that coat has never had a glass of beer or spirits inside it from the day it was made until now, and I want you to promise that as long as you wear it you will let the drink alone.' 'All right, sir,' said he, holding out his hand. 'I won't upset the coat by putting any drink inside it!' Months later Mr. Pearse came across the man again, still wearing the coat with pride, and proudly also keeping his bargain.

It was while he was at Victoria, in the Clifton circuit, that the road was up in front of the chapel, and one winter's day he found twenty or thirty navvies eating their bread and cheese in the cold rain. He threw open his schoolroom for these every day at their dinner-hour as long as they were there, and arranged to get hot coffee provided at cost price. The first Sunday evening a long row of working-men, with their wives, in Sunday best, filled the front pews, and they came afterwards with beaming faces to grasp his

hands and assure him that 'one good turn deserves another.'

Portland Chapel, in Redland, was an interesting though somewhat gloomy chapel, built about 1792, with an extraordinary old picture—a sort of fresco—filling a great arched recess called the apse, and said to have been an early work of Edward Bird, R.A. It had been so renovated and restored that the subject of it was very doubtful, some held that it represented the Transfiguration; some the Last Judgement. There was, however, something pleasant and reassuring about three child-faces that floated round the upper heavens, and were said to be the painter's own children. Mr. Pearse, while he was there, wrote an amusing article purporting to describe the early ministers of Portland. 'A picturesque group, with hair smoothed piously over the forehead (when they were fortunate enough to have any): or rigidly brushed back and tied together in a pigtail, or perhaps hidden altogether under the wig which added vastly to the dignity of its happy possessor. They were clean-shaven, for beards or even whiskers were tokens of worldliness. Their dress is the coat of high collars and tight sleeves, the breeches and stockings of varied material, from black silk to coarse homespun. Oh! what heartaches, what solemn shakings of the head and awful forebodings pointing to destruction, would these prolonged unmentionables of to-day have caused, could these venerable fathers have looked on their degenerate

descendants. An old preacher said on one occasion, when a decrease in membership had been noted that year, " What else can we expect? Worldliness is creeping in amongst us; I hear on good authority that some of our younger brethren have actually taken to wearing suspenders [braces]." '

Portland had seating accommodation for over 600, but the crowds were greater than ever, and the stewards were hard put to it to find seats for the people. Tip-up seats were fixed to the ends of the pews along the aisles, but lobby, vestries, even the communion rail and the stairs of the pulpit, were filled. Over a thousand were counted once as they went away. ' He lifted the whole spiritual life of the circuit, and of the vast crowds who came to hear him,' writes his old circuit steward, Mr. Charles Gardner. ' In those days we had Sunday and week-day preaching, and a fine prayer-meeting. Dear Mr. Pearse was most faithful and regular in his attendance at all his appointments, and particularly punctual. I remember that once I came in a few minutes late, so he said, " Brother Gardner was late, so we will begin that hymn again." '

Through the kindness of Mr. G. A. Holloway we are able to give some of his shorthand notes of Mr. Pearse's sermons during his Bristol ministry:

' Blessed be God for that name, the " Friend of publicans and sinners." I see them with crafty eyes and cruel hands as they plait that crown of thorns in derision, and lo! I see the Master take it, and as He

touches it, it flashes into gold, and where the fingers rest, there glisten diamonds and gems ; it is the crown of His highest dignity. Away on my native coast I have stood sometimes and watched the sun go down, and seemed to hear the clouds all whisper, Here is that great sun that earth makes so much ado about that it hath no eyes for us poor clouds ; let's blot him out, and darken and dim his glory. And up they came—great banks of dark, dense clouds, rolling masses of grey cloud, and light, dappled clouds ; and, as they came up to shut out the sun, the great, grand sun shot out his force and tinged them all with gold, and made them stand like lords-in-waiting round about a king and minister to all his majesty.'

. . . . . .

'Have you ever thought how many forms of goodness there are in the world that don't do us any good? The goodness of Sinai, that awes and frightens us with the holiness and majesty of God. And we see that it doesn't make us any better. There is the goodness that scolds us—a very common goodness that—that says, "Dear, dear, what a plight you are in! You never should have got down there ; you should be more careful." That doesn't do anybody any good. Friend, thou wilt never do any good if thou art one of the lecturing-goodness people. That is the Devil's work. And then there is the sentimental goodness, that you read of on tombstones and in biographies ;

like you see in church windows that you look right through : upturned faces and clasped hands ; all very nice, but a sort of goodness that doesn't go down into the world to be worried and fretted, a goodness that can be washed away by a heavy shower of rain ; and we feel, " Yes, that may be good, but it isn't like I am, and I don't want to be like it either." '

. . . . . .

' Here is a poor fellow who has got into troubled circumstances, can't make two ends meet, and a friend comes in and finds him very bright and speaking up very cheerfully, and he says to him, " What ! have you found relief ? " And he says, " No, but I have turned over a new leaf." So his friend looks at the account : he finds it all very nice—Dr. and Cr.—but he says, " Friend, thou hast forgotten to bring over the old balance ! " A new leaf won't pay old debts, my brother. Don't try this any more. Thou never canst turn over a new leaf. If thou and I could save ourselves, our God would never have sent His only Son into our world to bring salvation. . . . I would never preach the gospel again if this were it—that Christ died for a man and then left him to go home to heaven struggling as best he could. Christ says, " Look, I will go all the way with thee ; I will never forsake thee. Look unto Me ; I will give thee all the strength thou dost need." Give up this looking around at thy hindrances and set thine eyes upon thy help. I was

sitting down one day under a cliff, and I saw a man coming down with his two sons and a little lame maiden, and as I watched them I learnt a lesson. He would not let the boys out of his sight ; it was, " Take care, Tom," and, " Look out, Harry ; there is a slippery place." But that little lame maiden he took in his arms and carried over the slippery places, and he found out a soft place in the grass for her to rest in, and he took her poor little tired head on his arm and pointed out the ships to her. And as I saw this, I felt in my heart, " Blessed Lord, it is good to be helpless and to be lame ; we don't know Thy strong help until we have got to climb over the big rocks. When we are strong, and come to the places where we can take hold ourselves, Thou wouldst not let us out of Thy sight, but when we are weak and lame and the path is steep, then Thou comest Thyself, and Thou dost lift us into Thy loving arms and dost rest us on Thy shoulder and compass us about with Thy deliverance." '

During this period several more books came from his pen. *Thoughts on Holiness* and *Some Aspects of the Blessed Life* are mentioned in a later chapter. *Homely Talks*, *Cornish Stories*, and *Good Will* were all published in book form in these years. Several of the stories contained in these volumes, and others written at this time, had a very wide circulation as tracts—or ' Penny Books,' as he called them—and have been translated into many languages. I have

beside me a letter asking for more of them, dated 1915, from the Rev. W. H. Sarchet, Chaplain to the Forces, B.E.F. overseas, saying how much good they had done, and how the men in hospital asked again and again, ' Have you got any more of those little books, sir? They were just all right! '

In 1886, Mr. Pearse had a letter from Mr. D. L. Moody pressing him to make a tour in America, an invitation he accepted for the following year, when he spent six months there.

He was now in fairly easy circumstances. Mrs. Pearse's father, Mr. John Cooper, had died in 1883, leaving her £10,000; and, in 1887, the death of his own father made it possible for him to contemplate freedom to write and travel, preaching and lecturing wherever he felt called. He proposed to make his home in Cornwall, the land of his birth, to which his heart was always given. But into these pleasant projects there broke suddenly a call of another kind: a call to which he at first was unwilling to lend an ear, but which came and possessed his mind with an insistence that could not be set aside. Instead of Cornwall, it was London that was destined to be his home, to determine his movements and to dominate his life for the rest of his days.

O God, I pray Thee grant to me
To find within the daily life
A space fenced off from earthly strife
Where I may wait and watch for Thee.

A garden which Thyself hast made,
Where grow Thy graces rich and fair,
And gently breathes the fragrant air
And blooms the bliss that doth not fade.

And, listening, let me gladly run
With eager steps to walk with Thee ;
With heart aglow to talk with Thee—
An hour when earth and heaven are one.

Chapter IV

MARRIAGE AND FAMILY LIFE

We have left until now what was the most important chapter in Mark Guy Pearse's own life, and that is the one dealing with his marriage. 'It is very difficult to speak of Mrs. Mark Guy Pearse,' wrote Mrs. Price Hughes, in the *Methodist Times*, the week after her death in 1914, 'because the sweetness and beauty of her character were so spontaneous and natural, so absolutely her own. One might as well try to analyse the beauty of a snowdrop or a rose! Her nature was sweet and selfless—loving to all, and thinking kindly of every one. None of us can remember any unkind words or harsh criticisms ever falling from her lips. Wherever she went she shed a loving, gracious, harmonious influence.' This expresses very beautifully the sweetness of character which every one who met her felt, but few realized her quiet reserve of strength. 'So kind, so wise, so gently strong, so wisely strong,' her husband wrote to her the year before their marriage. And Mrs. Hingston, who had been a second mother to him, wrote the day before the wedding, 'Now, my dear boy, you will have your Jeanie, to comfort you when depressed, and to *guide your impetuosity*.' Perhaps only Mrs. Pearse's

husband and children realized how much he leaned on her, how much she was the stay and support of the whole family. Her unerring sense of justice often corrected and modified his impulsive and sometimes prejudiced judgements. Her invincible patience soothed his nervous irritability. Her deep interest in each of her children bound the family together, and her insight and tact smoothed away difficulties and misunderstandings that arose as they grew up to manhood and womanhood.

Let us turn back to see the home in which she grew up, and the influences that shaped her life.

Jeanie Cooper was the daughter of Mr. John Cooper, of Manchester and Dunstable, and his wife Mary Sarson Winfield. The latter was rather a remarkable character, well known in Wesleyan circles through her 'memorials,' which were written by the Rev. Henry Fish. 'She was,' says her chronicler, who knew her as a child at her beautiful home in Bickerings' Park, 'a gay, guileless, sportive, lovely little thing, in spirit and temper a miniature type of what she was all her short life'; for she died before she was thirty-eight. Her gay and lively disposition did not hinder an earnest and heart-searching piety, and her diary is full of self-examination and self-reproach. 'I stripped myself of my useless ornaments,' runs one entry, 'and cried mightily to the Lord to give me the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.' The loss of her eldest child (by an earlier marriage) deepened this religious feeling.

Little 'Jane Grey' appears to have been an extraordinary example of infant piety. She was only four years old when she died. We cannot forbear quoting a few sentences from an account of her which appeared in *The Watchman* of March 1840, and was said to have been written by the Rev. W. M. Bunting.

'This rare and honoured child had from infancy engaged the admiration and affection of her many family friends, not more by a tender and confiding disposition, and by an early developed and very acute intellect, than by the uncommon maturity of her spiritual apprehensions and experience. . . . Having attended a love-feast on the Sabbath, and declared on her return that she "had *felt* the Lord Jesus there," she suddenly sickened, and on the following day, after giving delightful evidence of the heavenliness and peace of her spirit, she gently broke from the embrace of her afflicted mother and flew into the everlasting arms.'

This is by the way, but it serves to indicate the atmosphere into which the little Jeanie was born in April 1841. From her babyhood she was idolized by her mother, who lived long enough to leave an indelible impression of 'pure religion and undefiled' on the mind of the sensitive child. Mrs. Cooper, in spite of very delicate health and much domestic trouble (she had suffered the loss of three little ones), had a large Bible-class for young women, some hundreds of whom were employed in her husband's straw-bonnet

mills. By them she was greatly beloved, and the class so increased that it had to be divided three times, each time into groups of fifty or sixty members. She died when Jeanie, the eldest of her surviving children, was ten years old. 'My eldest girl,' she wrote in her diary, 'is almost always in my thoughts. I fear much lest I should make an idol of her. She is so affectionate and thoughtful in my present state of weakness and suffering.' The little girl became her lonely father's constant companion for some years, and her sweet and thoughtful ways were a great comfort to him.

Later on, Mr. Cooper married again, but for many a year they continued to live at Dunstable, at the delightful old Manor House where they kept open house for Wesleyan occasions—anniversaries, missionary meetings, and the like. It was on some such occasion that the young minister, Mark Guy Pearse, first made the acquaintance of his future wife. His friends took note that, during the early sixties, wherever he was going it appeared to be necessary to go round by Dunstable. The first allusion to her comes in a letter to his sister, Margaret Pearse, dated February 10, 1863. 'I had a long letter from Mrs. Cooper a few days since—full of kindness as usual. 'Twas rather strange; last time I preach'd there I took for my text "God is Love," and preach'd all about *Love*. Miss Cooper could not come out, nor any of the family, as all were poorly. 'Twas fortunate. I saw some of

them smiling as I divided my subject. I have been ask'd several times if I am engaged, but there is really *nothing*—nor have I given any cause for suspicion. What may happen in a couple of years nobody knows. . . .'

The couple of years rolled away, and in May 1865 he writes again to this sister, who he believes is about to make a too hasty decision in the all-important choice of a life partner. (She had known him only a week.)

'May 26, 1865.—Marriage is an awfully solemn thing. For *two years* I went and came at Dunstable and watched dear Jeanie in every phase and shade of character, and let her see me in all possible moods. I daren't have proposed to her knowing less of her, or having given her less opportunity of seeing me. Jeanie had many suitors about her and many offers that I know of, but I simply pray'd about it and was assured, if it were the right thing, God would make my way unmistakably plain. . . . I owe her to God's good providence. I watch'd her, and learnt to love more as I watch'd more, until I thought I had seen the whole inner Jeanie, and then proposed. Less than that I could not have done; less than that had been unworthy Jeanie, and unworthy of any true-hearted girl who feels aright the awful importance of married life.'

On August 31, 1866, the young couple were married at the Old Priory Church of Dunstable, under what

the local Press described as ' very auspicious circumstances '—the sun shining brightly, the venerable church crowded ; ' four bridesmaids and an equal number of groomsmen were present at the altar, full of bloom and beauty ; and the charming bride, in beautiful attire, excited universal admiration.' All went well, and they departed for their honeymoon in North Devon before taking up the new life in furnished lodgings for a year at Brixton.

Then Ipswich for three years followed, of which there is very little domestic record. An engaging letter announces the arrival of a little daughter ; ' a fine edition of a little girl, quite new, very neatly got up, and not too highly coloured. Its orthodoxy is unquestionable, as it gives no uncertain sound : it is already making itself heard in some circles. I would not part with my copy for the world. Jeanie sends her love. P.S.—Get a copy as soon as you can.' Two or three letters to his sister Margaret—now Mrs. Pratt —abundantly decorated with chubby babies tumbling about and screaming lustily, seem to suggest a lively household, and these letters are amusing enough. In the last one to Mrs. Pratt he proposed to come and see her and her little family. He offers his lecture on ' Hugh Latimer ' to cover expenses. He describes for their amusement an imaginary effect of the lecture —as inciting its hearers to a demonstration of violent Protestantism. ' An unfortunate confectioner received a bloody nose for having made *hot cross buns* ; one

man refused to pay a debt of 1½*d.* to a person named *Gardiner*; and a man whose wife was *named Mary* took the opportunity of soundly thrashing her!' Some, also imaginary, opinions of the Press follow, with illustrations, and emphasis on the martyr's death. 'The lecturer warms with his subject and *fires* his audience' (*The Guardian*). 'Here is our most dangerous enemy. To turn from Dr. C. . . . to this rev. gentleman is to go from the gridiron into the fire' (*Roman Catholic Banner*). 'Vivid beyond everything; one felt choked by the smoke of the green wood, and actually perceived the crackle of the unfortunate one and the smell of roast pork' (*The Daily Telegraph*). 'Fizzing' (*Punch*).

To any one who remembers the lecture itself, with its moving eloquence, and the pathos of the death of 'Little Bilney,' this riotous gaiety might appear a little incongruous, but both phases belonged to the man. His power of turning rapidly from one mood to another was amazing. He had the actor's versatility, and his dramatic gifts were one main cause of his popularity. When he lectured, his chairman would sometimes leave the platform and sit amongst the audience—to see the speaker's face. This variability of temperament had its penalties. When his cheerfulness deserted him he was apt to go to the other extreme. Sleeplessness was his great trouble, and the depression it caused was natural enough. His habitual good spirits gave an impression

of an equability which he never possessed. He lived at high pressure, and threw himself with intensity into whatever he undertook, and when sleeplessness followed he had no reserve of nervous strength, and paid for his success in exhaustion and misery. This nervous temperament was part of his make-up, but as time went on he was able to order his life so as to avoid strain, and consequently he suffered less. In the last few years those of his children who were with him marvelled at the steady patience with which he met and conquered suffering and irritability.

But in these early days a short holiday in the open air cured him ; quiet, solitude, and freedom soon sent him back full of sunny cheerfulness. He had no serious breakdown until 1876.

He was a devoted father, and loved to romp with his little family. The tales he told them were never written, but they never forget the romance of John-Dory and Ann-Chovy, their sad separation and joyful reunion ; and the story of Johnny and ' Please for a pennorth of plum-pudden ' ! And the queer old Cornish nonsense rhyme to a snail :

> Jan Jake, Jan Jake, put out your long horns ;
> Your father and mother is dead,
> Your brother and sister is to the back door,
> A-beggin' for barley bread.

In 1874, when his wife is away for a few days, he writes, ' I have dear little Isabel sitting up beside me here,

the image of darling mother, chatting away to the pictures. The others are very good. Maud is a beautiful little nurse, and has baby on her knee half the day long.' Here is a charming letter written in 1876 to his little six-year-old and seven-year-old maidens, sent away to boarding-school at Coventry because there was so much illness at home.

'My Darlings Maud and Mab,—How long it is since I sent you a letter. Here is one at last. We are always thinking of you and talking of you. And when your letters come we all jump for joy. Hawkesbury Hall now must begin to look very beautiful. The snowdrops and crocuses are out, and the violets are coming, I expect, and you roam about in the woods under the young green buds [picture of them doing so]. Then soon the birds will be building their nests, and be singing their songs and laying their eggs. And you will creep up and peep in at the nest, and if you are very still, and can get to know what birds and bees and butterflies are saying to each other, you may hear a little bird singing this song:

Tweet, too-hoo,
One, two,
Tweet, tweet, too-whee,
One, two, three,
Speckled eggs and brown
All in a nest of down,
So I must sing with glee.
Tweet, tweet, too-whee.

And he goes on singing that for a long time, until one morning he alters his song. You listen and you hear this :

Tweet, too-hoo,
Look, do.
Tweet, tweet, too-whee,
Come and see
One, two, three,
Oh, dearie me.
Tweet, tweet, too-hoo,
I don't know what to do
For very glee.
Oh, such like darlings,
Twittering like starlings.
Tweet, too-hoo,
Look, do !

Well, now my letter is done. *Be quite sure that God loves you as His children*, and now be His children every day. . . . Bless you, my sweet children. Mamma joins in much love to you. Your loving Father must now say " Good night." '

(Picture of himself in a nightcap blowing out a candle.)

The circuit minister's house was generally roomy and old-fashioned, and not infrequently damp. On this account Mrs. Pearse twice suffered from rheumatic fever, and the two eldest children as well. A year or two of constant family illness preceded the year at

Photo : Russell, London

Mrs. MARK GUY PEARSE

[*Face p.* 80

Bude. How we all blessed the breakdown that led to that happy year, set off as it was by hated boarding-schools, both before and after. Impossible not to linger over it. How, barefoot, day after day we ran and danced on ' the beachèd margent of the sea ' ; how we bathed, and every child had to be dipped by one or other of the very horny-footed old bathing-women who constituted themselves the guardians of the beach, and were identified by our youthful minds as Kingsley's ' Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-dids.' These beldames had two little white tents on the beach for adults, but children undressed on the rocks ; an immense bag of farthing saffron buns was kept in reserve, and was once unexpectedly shared by a friendly donkey who strolled off the edge of the downs in our absence. Once we were caught by the tide, and had a narrow escape and a scolding ; and once the tide caught *him.* ' I bathe in a deep pool blasted out of the rocks. Yesterday I put my clothes down far out of the reach of the waves, and dived into the pool. Scarcely had I done so before a monstrous wave swept in, and swept up to the rocks and carried off my socks, boots, and trousers. I dived after my boots, swam after my socks, and fortunately the trousers were caught by the braces and kept from going out to sea.' But we must hurry on and leave Cornwall for Clifton.

Mr. Pearse's eldest child, Jean Drummond, was the pride of his heart. She was a fine, dark-eyed girl, bright and clever, and with a rather remarkable gift

for drawing. Her constitution had been weakened by attacks of rheumatic fever, and in 1881, six months after removing to Clifton, she was taken ill again, and this time her heart was affected. A letter he wrote to her on March 21 arrived only just before she died.

'My Dear little Jean,—Here is a little bit of a letter for you ; just a good morning, miss, with a tiny kiss. Here I am in old Worcester, once the home of Bishop Latimer. The people want a lecture to pay for the warming apparatus in their chapel. I think the good old Bishop would rub his hands with much glee at the thought of how things come about : that his being burned should help to warm the folks in the old town where he lived and laboured! Bless you, my darling, I do hope and earnestly pray the loving Lord to give you a good night's sleep, His gift.

'Ever, sweet Jean,

'Your loving Father.'

Her death just at that age—she was nearly fourteen—was the greatest grief of his life. He could never bear to speak of her. 'There are some things in my life,' he once said, 'over which I have been obliged to draw a veil. I *dare* not think of them.'

Though his preaching engagements often took him away, and he was everywhere a welcome guest, he was

devoted to his home, and always rejoiced at getting back. 'I do thank God for you,' he writes to his wife on their eighteenth wedding-day. 'You have made me the happiest man alive!' He disliked formalities of any sort; never dined out or went to entertainments of any kind whatever. 'This place is rather stiff and grand,' he wrote once from Edinburgh. 'Very kind—*after their kind*! Dress for dinner, and all that, and as they dine late, and I cannot do well with dinner before preaching, I make up for it at luncheon. Fancy, not a pipe or cigar since last Monday night—and now Thursday!'

When they moved to London, to a house of their own, he took a delight in planning it, choosing the furniture and curtains, and hanging the pictures, which were constantly increasing in numbers. He was fond of encouraging young artists of promise, and many early works adorned the walls, some a matter of great pride. 'I never see any house anywhere that I like so much as ours,' he used to say of his house in Bedford Place. This pleasant and commodious house was much used for hospitality to strangers from abroad while Mr. and Mrs. Pearse were attached to the mission. Hardly a Sunday passed at St. James's Hall without visitors who had come from South Africa, Australia, and the ends of the earth. 'It was the rule, not the exception,' wrote Sister Lily in 1914, 'for Mrs. Pearse to welcome them to her home, and to give them all the interest and help she could, and not to do this as if she were bored, but with

a graciousness that will never be forgotten. We heard it said, over and over again, " I do not know what we should have done, here in London, without Mrs. Pearse; oh ! how good and kind she was ! " '

The family were by this time beginning to grow up and develop individualities of their own. Mr. Pearse had always disliked discussion of any kind, especially in domestic affairs. Even his wife had sometimes found his rapid decisions a little disappointing when she wanted to talk things over, but she, in her gentle way, could prevail on him to reconsider. Not so his children. His various work was demanding continuously his time and interest, and ' Don't let us have any argument ' was his usual dictum. Young people growing up were hardly prepared to have their own points of view and firmly held opinions so swept aside, and the silence that followed by no means gave consent. He perhaps realized gradually how diverse they all were, and how set on their own ways, for they were left remarkably free. ' Let them find their own feet,' he said, and as they came of age they were given latch-keys and an allowance of £50 a year apiece, and they experimented as they chose. He always had a word of praise for any success. There were no overmastering successes, but the main object of all the family was to *do* good and to *be* good, and he was unworldly enough to think that that mattered more than anything else. That there were no conspicuous failures was due perhaps mainly to the *belief* in them—the *implicit trust* of their parents, of

which each child was aware. That trust was like an invisible hand that held one back from doing anything that would sully it.

Whenever any of them were away, as they were—respectively—at school in England or in Germany, at Cambridge University, at a Paris studio, or at Edinburgh Infirmary, their mother wrote every week, letters full of family details and of love ; and those letters, not preserved, because in a sense there was ' nothing in them,' made a background of home which was always in one's mind. She could not know the individual life of each one, but she was always ready to listen to it, ready to welcome especial friends, and to sympathize in joys and troubles. She was the controlling spirit of the household. Her spontaneous and unfeigned interest, even more than her justice and understanding in every difficulty, made it *home.*

She took a deep interest in the mission. As Mrs. Price Hughes wrote in 1914, ' She devoted infinite time and care to her class and Mothers' Meeting, and was dearly loved by the poor, toiling, overburdened women who found in her a true friend and helper.' For her class she liked to prepare her lessons in the quiet of the early morning, before her busy household was awake. But ' dear Mrs. Pearse has always leisure to be kind,' one of the Sisters used to say. Her presence and influence were much valued on the Sisterhood Council and the Rescue Committee, and her advice sought on all points. When the girls came in to see the ladies

of the Committee, they often said to the Matron afterwards that they could not be nervous when they looked at her. 'Who was that sweet-looking lady who looked at me so kindly?' asked a timid one, reassured by her gentle looks.

She went with Mr. Pearse on nearly all his long journeys —to Australia, to Canada, to South Africa, and lastly to India, to see her eldest daughter, who, after some years as a Sister in the mission and, later, as a district nurse, had gone out as a missionary.

A letter written in 1920 by Mr. Pearse to friends in Canada gives a brief picture of the family, mostly gathered together on one of his annual holidays. 'We had Guy and his wife (*a dear*); Sister Jean Marian of Clewer, our youngest, always in the dress of a nun, and vowed to poverty and celibacy (it is a High Church Sisterhood); but she keeps a merry heart, and we were a most happy party. Mab went back after a fortnight to her husband, Professor Unwin of Manchester University. Warwick is busy about a hostel for soldiers and sailors at St. Leonard's. He is a Mirfield Father, as you know. He had the most marvellous escape during the war that I ever heard of. He was standing on the verge of a sandbank when the wind of an oncoming shell sent him over the bank. The shell burst on top. The men hurried up and had him out very quickly. He was taken unconscious to the hospital, but was soon out and about. I think I have told you of all the family except Belle, whose husband

is a clergyman at Eastbourne. He was gassed rather badly in the war, but is recovering.'

His eldest daughter is not mentioned, because she was always with him. When Mrs. Pearse's health began to fail in 1913, this daughter gave up her dearly loved work in India and came home to nurse her mother with the same devotion she had given to her mission work. On Mrs. Pearse's death in February 1914, she stayed on with her father for the rest of his life, giving up her own interests, and watching over him with a tenderness and perfect companionship which made his last years very happy and blessed.

A word must be said about the servants who shared their home. One of them, Elizabeth Palmer, came to Mrs. Pearse in Cornwall as a girl of seventeen and spent over fifty years with the family. She was greatly beloved by them all, and stayed on even when her health had failed. Her two sisters also came, one after another, and many years later her three nephews successively as they grew up, to help in various capacities, until she finally retired in 1927. Her devotion to Mrs. Pearse was touchingly evinced by the fact that, many years after Mrs. Pearse's death, Elizabeth's one consideration in every little household matter that came in question—her sole argument—was, 'The mistress always did *so*.' This was regarded as unanswerable, and it may be said that it was never set aside.

I KNEEL to pray,
But know not what to say :
I cannot tell
What may be ill or well ;
But as I look
Into Thy Face or Book,
I see a love
From which I cannot move :
And learn to rest
In this : Thy will is best :
Therefore I pray
Only have Thine own way
In everything.
My all-wise God and King,
Grant me the grace
In all to give thee place :
This liberty
Alone I ask of Thee :
This only gift,
Have Thy way perfectly.

Chapter V

THE MAN IN THE PULPIT

Mark Guy Pearse was in a sense a pioneer in the Methodist pulpit. He set his face against contentment with a personal salvation. The key-note of his message was this: 'God save us from the selfishness of our salvation! "He who saves his soul shall lose it" is a tremendous truth. The only way to save our souls is to give ourselves away in love. This is the truth we want declared with the deepest conviction and the greatest force we can put into it. *The religion that fails to save a man out of selfishness into love will never save a man out of hell into heaven.*'

His first sermon was thrust upon him. He had no choice in the matter. He has told the story himself. The superintendent minister was ill, and he volunteered to ride down to the village eight or ten miles away with a message that there would be no service.

'"But what are the people going to do?" asked the steward when he got there—a saintly old shoemaker sitting amongst the odds and ends of his work.

'"Well, I suppose they can have a prayer-meeting."

'"No, no," said he; "you're here, and you will have to preach to them."

'"Nonsense," said I. "I can't preach."

'He took a Bible and held it out to me.

'"Here," said he, "go out into the orchard and look for a text." I took the Bible and went.

'Now, strangely enough, that morning in my reading I had come on a passage of which I had said, "I think I could make a sermon from those words if I were a preacher"—"*Be strong, all ye people of the land, and work, for I am with you, saith the Lord of Hosts.*"

'As I prayed and meditated my sermon came, and I went and preached it. And as I rode home in the summer evening I felt the die was cast, the Rubicon was crossed. Some day I knew I must be a preacher.'

Mark Guy was a lad of eighteen or nineteen then, and for more than sixty years he continued to preach. When well over eighty, at Haverfordwest the people crowded to hear him, and at the end of the day, says one who was there, they said 'Better than ever!'

What held them?

A letter received since his death says, 'It is now twenty-five years since I heard his wonderful sermon on Peter's Denial. He lives in the minds and hearts of thousands who sat spellbound before the wonders of the pictures that he drew.'

That was one secret of his power. People listened to his pictures of familiar Scriptures as to strange tidings. He lent them his own imagination, and showed them a new heaven and a new earth. He had the Celtic temperament; to him truth came by flashes

of insight rather than by reasoning and research. As in most Celts, there was a vein of mysticism in his nature—the kind of mystic vision that the poet Blake had when he sang :

> To see a world in a grain of sand,
> And a heaven in a wild flower,
> Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
> And Eternity in an hour.

One remembers his saying : ' Here is a text like some of the rough stones which I have at times picked up and broken, and found within a minute cavern, a grotto with the stalactites and stalagmites growing therein to meet each other ; a place full of beauty, wherein I might wander in imagination for hours.'

He puts it in a more homely way in a chapter in the second series of Daniel Quorm. ' An' mind not to forget the windows. Be sure o' that. Every sermon ought to be builded like the Lord told Noah to build the ark —*a window shalt thou make in the ark.* Put in a story or one o' the blessed Master's *likes*, and it'll be a window for to let the light in through. Everybody must have noticed how the blessed Jesus kept telling the people about the lost sheep, or the prodigal son, or the ten virgins, and how he kept saying " The kingdom of heaven is *like* this and that." Folks will always prick up their ears as soon as ever the preacher begins with his *likes*. Seemin' to me as if He who taught us how to pray have *showed* us how to preach.'

Once, in a sermon on 'Who forgiveth all thine iniquities,' he was picturing the alarm of a saint who should have been permitted to enter heaven, and who should find, after years in the better land, that some one sin had been forgotten.

'Hark! There is a knocking at heaven's gate. An angel enters; he brings to thee a document. One sin had been overlooked. It must be atoned for. And now the time for atonement is passed. It can never be blotted out. Thou must go. What! leave these happy precincts! Oh, what a wail would go throughout all heaven if one soul, for one such unforgiven sin, could be had out again! It would unheaven heaven to all. No, our God forgiveth all, and forgiveth for ever.'

Besides this imaginative power he had a heart full of pity. He knew what human nature was. He saw what life meant for young and old, and he set himself to strengthen and comfort all who heard him. First to last he was human, a brother, a friend and a helper to all around him.

At one time he was stationed in Westminster, burdened with the care of a large district in a very poor neighbourhood. His life was spent in trying to help many in a fierce struggle against want and temptation; trying to arouse such a struggle in others who had never found any heart and hope to begin it, and in others still who had lost all the heart and hope with which they had once begun. To these he brought

a message of courage and a wealth of sympathy. 'Be of good cheer' was constantly on his lips, as it was on his Master's. The tenderness of his sympathy and the shrewdness of his insight into human nature were no doubt the fundamental reason of his attractiveness and power. 'Mark Guy Pearse's religion,' wrote one, 'is that which makes husbands come home early to tea and their waiting families; which makes workingmen give the lion's share of their wages to the wife; which makes everybody tender to little children, compassionate to prodigals, lovingly ministrant to the aged, the sick, and the dying.'

We see him talking to an old college chum one blustering winter's night. His friend spoke plainly but not unkindly: 'You accept a tradition, and are afraid to face what would disturb your creed. You belong to a set, and drift with them in this as in other things. What attitude of rest or peace can any man find who holds a belief in hell?' 'I can't tell you,' Mr. Pearse answered. 'But there is such an attitude, and I think I have found it.' The friend maintained that only 'indifference, indolence, blindness, sleep' could make that possible. 'There is a thing stronger and better than these,' Pearse said—'a simple trust in God.' That was his lifelong attitude to things which we do not understand. He said then and always, 'Thank God I am content to be a child, to trust and wait.'

At one time during an enforced rest he was obliged

to listen to sermons instead of preaching them. 'I have come to the conclusion,' he writes to his wife, 'that the principal use of a sermon is to exercise your patience and prepare you for the lesser worries of life on the week-days. Won't I put in a bit for the children! And won't I try to be short!' And again, 'The four sermons I have heard have all been alike; very thoughtful, very good—but with no grip, no force. Nothing that punched the heads of those who thought themselves good, and made the bad feel that they ought to, and might, be better. No Grip. I picked up many hints as to preaching that I hope I may use.'

That this was not written in any spirit of criticism is shown by the following incident, told by Mr. F. W. Western, of Biggleswade, who, as a local preacher, on one occasion on going into the pulpit saw Mark Guy Pearse sitting in the congregation. 'I announced the first hymn, and then went down and begged him to take the service. He refused, telling me he had come down for a quiet rest, and assuringly sent me back to the pulpit saying that he would have a good time in the pew. Now, I had had an exceedingly busy week, and it was not until the Friday that I could do any preparation for the Sunday morning service. I picked up the *Local Preachers' Magazine* for that month, and there read an outline sermon by Mark Guy Pearse. I worked it up as best I could, and on Sunday morning went forth to preach it.

Aged about 60.

[*Face p.* 96

Imagine now my feelings when I saw who was in the congregation! I faced the situation, and, in announcing my text, I told the congregation of my dilemma and proceeded with my new sermon. After service I went back to dinner at the home where Mr. Pearse was staying. Mr. Pearse caught hold of my arm and strolled around the garden with me, and told me how much the service had helped him. It had solved a problem, he said; and then he told me that he had often wondered how much his sermon outlines were of help to "locals," but that morning, by my frank acknowledgement of indebtedness, he was greatly cheered.

'He came again to the evening service, but I had no "nerves" in the evening. I had discovered that in Mark Guy Pearse we "locals" had a real friend.'

He was not always allowed to preach as briefly as he intended. Once, when preaching in Wales and about to stop, the people cried, 'Go on, go on,' and, without his knowing it, a man in the gallery stopped the clock. To an entranced congregation he preached nearly an hour and three-quarters!

The substance of his preaching may be gathered from his books, but the power of eye and voice—the spell of his humour and his pathos that could so hold a great concourse of people—can only be known to those who listened to him. He put all his soul into his preaching, and few people could realize what the tension meant; how a sudden disturbance, such as a

late-comer bustling in, would shatter his whole vision, for everything of which he spoke spread itself before his eyes. It was not lack of sympathy with busy or simple people; it was the helplessness of an artist when some one steps between him and his canvas.

Two incidents will show the sort of thing that sometimes happened. 'There comes to my mind,' says the Rev. S. E. Keeble, 'one of our large city chapels in the west, full of people. Mark Guy Pearse has begun to lecture to them on Cornish characters. The door opens, and folk come in late. He stops, and then orders the stewards to allow no more people to come in downstairs; they must now fill the end gallery. He proceeds, and is getting racy and humorous in his best manner, capturing his happy audience, when the door on one side opens and an old countryman appears, dressed in rough garb, with rustic gaiters and a huge ash-stick. The old man sees no room near, and begins to peregrinate slowly and steadily down the aisle, where he has spied an empty seat right under the platform. The lecturer has stopped dead. He fixes his bright eye on that stolid countryman, who plods his weary way, according to his wont. The audience holds its breath—expects a rebuke. But he reaches his haven safely, and, sitting down, leans his chin on his stick with a satisfied grunt, and looks up to the lecturer to listen. Looking down on the man, Mark Guy rings out the word, "*There*," and the yokel answers, "Here!" The lecturer unbends and laughs

outright, the audience joining in heartily, as much from relief that nothing worse has happened.'

The other comes from Yorkshire, and is told by Mrs. Barnley Crowe. 'In the early spring, about 1903, Mark Guy Pearse came to stay with us for a week's fishing holiday at a moorland village not far from Whitby. The village people soon found out who our guest was, and came up from the Wesleyan Society to ask him to preach and lecture for them. This he agreed to, though he had not intended to do either. The day was fixed and came, but with it one of the worst winter days—snow, hail, sleet, and a gale of wind, which with the evening got worse. We thought there could only be a very small audience, as the houses and farms were very scattered. We could hardly make our way down to the chapel, though it was quite near. To our surprise, the chapel was packed full of church and chapel folk. The stewards had hastily provided tea in the schoolroom for those who had come far.

'When the lecture was well on its way—"A Bit of Bread" was the subject, and Mark Guy Pearse had got well hold of his hearers, who were listening with open ears and mouths—a door opened at the end of the chapel and a blast of cold wind sent books, hats, and umbrellas in the porch flying. In came a tall dark man, very wet and awkward and nervous. The only seat that could be found was right down near the pulpit. Mark Guy stopped while the poor man

dropped his hymn-book and generally made a racket, and said, " When our good brother will settle himself I will try to get on with my story."

' The man—a local preacher—who had not yet " settled himself," looked up at the lecturer and said, " Mr. Pearse, I have heard a vast deal about you as a preacher and lecturer, and made up my mind—weather or no—to see and hear you to-night. I have come nigh on eight miles across the moor ; my horse fell lame, and I had to lead him to a shelter and then walk a matter of five miles in the wind and rain. I apologize for causing a disturbance and being late." And he sat down.

' Mark Guy's voice shook a little as he said, " Brother, will you stay behind when this lecture is over and let me shake you by the hand, and make my humble apology ? If your seat is not comfortable, come up by me ; there is plenty of room."

' When the lecture was over (I never heard him do better, and the people applauded as only Yorkshire Moorland folks can), Mark Guy came down and got hold of the disturber and nearly shook his arm off. He made inquiries as to his wife and the number of his children, and proceeded to write their names in books for each, and added the author's name (there were no books left unsold that night). The man was " fair capped "—in " Dales " language. Mr. Pearse consulted me as to supper, and if a horse and trap could be hired to " send our friend home in." However,

we found he had friends going his way who would give him a lift, and another village friend gave him supper, and so he went home rejoicing, having heard the great preacher, Mark Guy Pearse.'

He once asked a minister with whom he was on intimate terms, 'Which do you think is my best book?' The answer was, '*Daniel Quorm.*' 'No,' he replied; 'everybody says that. I like *Praise.* I'll tell you how it was written. I went into the library at Launceston, left to the local preachers in that circuit, took down a Bible, and read the name of William Pearse, Newport. He was my relative, and I thought I had more right to that than anybody else. I put it on my study shelf. One day I took it up, and said, "I wonder what portion he read the most." I held it between my hands, and it fell open at Psalm ciii. That was the beginning of my best book. It ends with the parable of the winds and the great lesson, "My Kingdom ruleth over all." "Over all, my Lord!" I answered; "then is it not safe for me to murmur at anything?"'

A little series of volumes—*The Gospel for the Day; Jesus Christ and the People; Praise: Meditations in the One Hundred and Third Psalm*—embodies much of his pulpit teaching. It is all pictorial; the words are simple, but great truths shine through them, and they never stray far from the daily needs and daily struggles of homely folk. 'Jesus Christ had compassion on the people. He lived for them; He

gave Himself up to them ; He preached to them, and to them gave the tenderest and choicest utterances that ever fell upon the weary world ! ' ' Let us be well assured that there is but one Christianity, and that is a power which makes us like unto Jesus Christ.' That is the burden of the volume which shows how our Lord touched human life at many points, and never failed to enrich and hallow it. *Praise* exemplified the joy and strength of his own spirit ; his little volume was prefaced by these words from Thomas à Kempis : ' These praises I render unto Thee, and long to render them every day and every moment ' ; and closes on the note : ' My child, thy only safety is in everything to love and trust and praise.' It is teaching which lifts life on to a higher plane of courage and hope.

In the Banqueting-House shows what use he made of the quiet seasons of sacramental meditation. ' The watchword, the welcome, the very atmosphere is love. And love ever asks but one thing in return. Love seeketh love ; love only satisfieth love. His great love demands our whole love.' On the *Hymn at the Sacrament*—' *They sang a hymn*—not the Lord Jesus only, but His disciples with Him. How much it meant for them ! The solace of that song, and the voice of their Lord blending with their voices, was the most tender and effectual way of comforting them. It was as the mother soothes her little one by singing. Could they fear, since He sang ? For them too the

words were a strength as well as a solace.' It is easy to understand what such meditations meant to those who gathered round the table of the Lord.

Mr. Pearse kept his eyes and ears open everywhere. When he was in Greece he said to the Greek pilot, who understood English perfectly, 'How many words have you in Greek for *dog?*' 'Two,' said the man. 'There is the word meaning the nasty wild dog in the street, who is a pest and a devil'; and his face expressed the disgust he felt. 'But the other word'—and his tone and countenance changed pleasantly—'is for the *little* dog that every one loves, that is like one of the family.' He found in this an illustration for the story of the Canaanitish woman. To her Jesus used a word found nowhere else in the Bible—*lap-dogs*—'It is not meet to take away the bread from the children, and to give it to the little dogs.' Instantly her eyes flashed triumphantly. She felt that the case was won. 'Of course not, Lord, because the little dogs pick up the crumbs that fall from their master's table.'

One other illustration. Speaking on the text, 'And He took clay and anointed his eyes,' Mark Guy Pearse once said, 'That is what Death does with us. Many people are afraid of the doctor, and the more clever the doctor, the more apt to be rough and quick. Old Dr. Death is a wonderful doctor. He wraps us up in clay and heals us. We go in at the back door of the doctor's house and come out at the front. We go in

blind, and come out gazing on golden streets and heavenly mansions; we go in deaf, and we come out with ears unstopped, and hearing softest celestial sounds; we go in mute, and we come out with tongues unloosed to join in angelic songs; we go in halt, out of breath, decrepit, and we come out strong, to "run up with joy the shining way."'

THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH

NOT he possesses who declares—
'This mighty stretch of land is mine:
From mountain's height, with crest of firs,
To where the far-off seas do shine:
The moorlands vast, the flocks, the herds,
The started deer, the calling birds,
The wealth of corn, of pasture-lands,
These wait to heed my proud commands:
'Tis mine, all mine.'

Lo, on his way of lowly toil
Comes one who bears the marks of soil;
He stands and gazes on the view,
The mountain's ever-changeful hue.
The silver sea, the heaven's blue.
He hears the call of moorland birds,
The bleat of sheep, the lowing herds,
And all his soul with joy is filled,
His heart with heavenly rapture thrilled.

. . . . . .

Not thine, my lord, not thine, but *his*,
Thy burden happiness destroys.
He reaps the harvest of its bliss;
And he possesses who enjoys.

Chapter VI

THE MAN IN HIS BOOKS

'In *Daniel Quorm*, and the delightful series of Cornish tales that followed that enchanting book, the soul of Methodist Cornwall, with its rainbow garb of mingled humour and pathos, its loyalties and perversities, quips and oddities, heroisms and exaltations, has found faithful and winsome expression.'

This criticism, written many years ago, could hardly be bettered as an epitome of Mark Guy Pearse's peculiar genius. He produced many books—some forty in all—and this is not the place for any detailed criticism, but it can hardly be questioned that he will be best remembered by his Cornish stories. In them his religious outlook, his observation of nature and of human nature, his wit and his imagination, found

DANIEL QUORM

complete unity of expression. They won an unprecedented success, and found a welcome in all classes alike. 'Books like *Daniel Quorm and his Religious Notions* and *Mister Horn and his Friends* are little masterpieces,' wrote *The Times* critic ; ' instinct with tenderness, penetrated with genuine Christian experience, and racy of the soil.'

These books, and some of the later ones, were treasured in thousands of cottage homes, and many simple—sometimes ill-spelt—letters were received by Mr. Pearse telling him of the effect they had had on the lives of the writers. Here is one from a plumber, written more than forty years since :

' DEAR SIR,—About 2½ years ago a friend of mine lent me a book by you. I read there about Mr. Fearing and Captain Faith. I do thank God that since that time my Christian life has been one of great joy. My motto is THOU. I have wrote it in my cash-book, in my day-book and ledger. I am trying by God's help to be a Sir Valliant. I took a Mission Hall about 18 months ago ; Friends have rallied round and numbers of Souls have stepped out of the Kingdom of Darkness into the Glorious Liberty of the Children of God. Now by God's help we are going forward to do a new work as you will see by enclosed circular. I consider that you are the Father of the Mission under God. Will you please write me if you

could come to our *inaugral* meeting and help to launch your unknown child.'

The book here spoken of was *Thoughts on Holiness*. In the chapter on 'Defeat and Victory' the text taken is 'Iniquities prevail against me: as for our transgressions, Thou shalt purge them away' (Ps. lxv. 3). The story tells how one Fearing dwelt in a King's castle, but his dwelling-place was a dark, damp cellar. 'I *trust* I am one of the King's guests,' he says. Then comes Captain Faith hurrying by. 'What hast thou written over thy door, Brother Fearing, in those black letters?' 'The words of the Psalmist, sir: "Iniquities prevail against me."' And Brother Fearing sighed again. 'Ah! and then a full stop?' asks Faith, almost fiercely. Then he takes poor Fearing up to a sunny chamber looking on the King's garden, where he lives himself, and over the door was written in gold the one word, THOU, and on either side of it the rest of a sentence: 'As for our transgressions, THOU shalt purge them away.' So the story works itself out, and Fearing leaves his dark cell to live in the sunlight, and is henceforth known as Sir Valiant. One feels that the immortal *Pilgrim's Progress* had left an indelible impression on the mind of the writer; but it is a striking fact that the parables and allegories that he loved to write had something of the same wonder-working power on those who read them as Bunyan's had. There could hardly be a finer commentary on this chapter from

Thoughts on Holiness than the letter quoted above.

In regard to the same book another incident may be told. A friend of the Pearse's was once in Copenhagen, and was being shown over the Royal Palace. Etiquette is simpler in Denmark than in our own country, and he was permitted to look into the royal private study. On the table lay an open book. It was *Thoughts on Holiness*, which had just been sent to the King by his sister, then Princess of Wales.

This book—and with it may be put *Some Aspects of the Blessed Life*—was written during his ministry at Bristol; they are both of a devotional character, and are intended to promote what is known as entire consecration. The dedication to his friends in that city as a memorial of his ministry bears its message:

> 'Dear Reader,—Holiness is the Palace wherein dwelleth the high King of Heaven. Bethink thee of thyself—poor, ignorant, sinful. Remember that thou hast no warrant at this door but by the King's grace. Put on thee thy court robes, and draw near in lowly reverence, expecting to meet with Him. Thou hast no key to unlock the Palace door, for it openeth only from within. Yet, fear not. The King is ever gracious. Ask, and He shall give thee permission to enter. Seek, and thou shalt find. Knock, and the King Himself shall open the door and bid thee welcome.'

It may seem incongruous that books which set up so lofty an ideal should have come from the pen of one who has been recognized as 'the most genuine humorist among the preachers of the age. And to say that he is this is to yield him high praise, for it means that he has in abundant measure the rarest quality of genius.' But there was no real incongruity. Mark Guy Pearse was a child of nature. Laughter was native to his soul, and gathered echoes round him wherever he went. He could not be dull if he tried. One of the Sisters said, 'If people or committees or meetings bored him, he became an imp of mischief.' It was rarely indeed that he sat on a committee, for he had an intense dislike of the routine of business. 'He was essentially an individualist, who hated ecclesiastical harness,' said one who understood him. 'It is possible that secretly he looked upon most theologians as rather dull dogs.' One day, as he sat on the platform beside Mrs. Hughes, listening to a learned but somewhat lengthy divine 'proving' Christianity, he whispered, 'If he goes on another five minutes I shall become an atheist!' All this was annoying enough to some people, but there was never any real malice in his wit. He never raised a laugh at the expense of reverent feeling. It would not be too much to say that his humour, whether spoken or written, always subserved the aim he kept in view all his life—to set forth the simplicity of Christ's teaching as he saw it and felt it.

His cobblers and farmers and small town tradesfolk expressed their philosophy and religion as simply and naturally as he did himself. His knowledge of men was gained no doubt partly by the triennial change of circuits which is the rule in the Wesleyan Church, and which, whatever its drawbacks, affords a unique opportunity to an observant man for the study of character. He says himself, 'My study has been not so much books as men and women and boys and girls —those volumes always fresh, whether bound in cloth or fustian.' His love of humanity was born in him; his wide knowledge of it was acquired through a long and varied life, and the saints and the sinners of his native town were his first lesson-book. But it was the honest yeomanry about Ipswich, where he was stationed from 1867–9, who are said to have served as models for the characters in the book which first brought him into public notice.

Mister Horn and his Friends was his first popular success. It is a plea for giving that makes us ashamed of 'Mr. Niggardly' and all his company. Mister Horn is 'a little, sharp, wiry man, with a quick, kindly eye, a mouth well shut, short legs walking so fast that they seemed always afraid of being left behind.' He is always busy, always doing good. He has far too much to do to grumble. 'That takes more time than a'most anything else I know, for I never knew a grumbler yet that ever had a moment to do any good with.' He surprises his parsimonious class-leader by

his generosity, but his greatest achievement in the way of giving was when the new chapel was built. He refused to make any promise. He 'would do what he could,' he said. Then, in tense emotion as he walked under the stars, 'with a new meaning that thrilled him came the text of the evening—"*He loved me and gave Himself for me.*" "*Himself* for *me!*" Presently the vigorous thrust of his stick and the rapid strides forward announced some great decision. Mister Horn would live on what he had saved, and for one year would give all that he could get to the Lord. "It'll be like giving myself," he cried, "body, soul, and spirit."

'He knew very well that he could keep no secret from his wife, so he told her straight out that night, and then went to sleep before she had sufficient time to object. But all the rest of the village was left wondering until the end of the year. It was at a meeting for the new chapel that the pent-up secret came out. A subscription was placed in the minister's hand with a paper worded thus: "*One year's work, £100. He loved me and gave Himself for me. T. H.*"

'"That was the happiest year of my life," Mr. Horn said whenever he told of it. "Aye, I used to pinch myself too," he continued. "More than once I've gone on dry bread and then done as much as any of 'em. . . . I've often turned it over in my mind that love is real, true love when it has got a bit of real, hard, pinchin' sacrifice about it, and not till then. Kindness and pity will give you, perhaps, what it

thinks it can do without, but love gives everything." '

Throughout the book Mister Horn's merry and generous ardour carries all before him. The sub-title is *Givers and Giving*—a subject that Mark Guy Pearse was well qualified to speak about, though in the course of his long life he spent much more time in practising this particular virtue than in preaching about it.

Daniel Quorm and his Religious Notions was published in 1874. It had an extraordinary success, and went through many editions; 150,000 were sold in ten years. It was dedicated 'To my father, whose life has most endeared all that is truest and brightest and best in these pages.'

The old shoemaker is introduced in the preface as a good specimen of one service that Methodism has rendered to the country—the power to develop the gifts of her lowliest members and to turn to advantage their various abilities. 'In hundreds of towns and villages, men of the humblest position are doing the highest work of the Church, in the Sunday school, in the pulpit, and in the Society class. The ranks even of the ministry—in this like the Church of Rome—have been perhaps most richly adorned by men of humble origin.'

Brother Dan'el was class-leader and Society steward. Marriage had not been happy for him, and, now that his wife Betsey was gone, he summed up the situation: 'Wives be like pilchards; when they be good they be only middlin'; but when they be bad they *be*

bad, sure 'nough.' He had perhaps a tinge of bitterness, but a world of quiet humour lay within him, and a world of shrewd common sense! At his 'Class,' when Jim Tregoning 'hoped his motter was slow an' sure, slow an' sure,' his little eye twinkled, 'ha, Jim, whatever do'ee mean? "Slow and sure, slow and sure." Always the same. Never no forwarder, never no backwarder, but always a-stickin' in the same place. I'll tell 'ee what, Jim. You "slow and sure" folks be just like a faggot o' green furze 'pon the fire. You don't blaze nor burn; you do nothing but only steam, and fizz, and go fillin' the house with smeach and smoke. Do'ee get out o' this here way. *Strive* to enter in at the strait gate; but, going along so slow, you'll be sure not to get through 'un. Slow and sure! Iss, sure to be too late! 'Tis what the folks said when they was a comin' to the Ark; but the floods came quick and sure 'pon them before they got to the Ark, and slow and sure was drowned. Serve him right, too. The virgins was slow and sure when they were a-gone to buy oil for their lamps, and when they come back *the door was shut.* Slow an' sure! 'Tis damp powder that do burn like that there, Jim—it'll choke 'ee all with smoke, but it won't ever heave a rock in two, and do anybody a morsel o' good.' (A fine example of what one might call the cumulative style of his humour.)

Then Dan'el goes on with a change of tone: 'Spread your wings, Jim, spread your wings out, and fly!

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; and shall *mount*"—mount, Jim—"they shall mount up with wings as eagles." '

Then there is the story of how young Cap'n Joe gets the men of the mine a 'dryin'-room,' which the snappish old purser had refused, by 'catchin' 'em with guile.' They were told to report that Cap'n Joe had said right off on his own authority that they shouldn't have it—*that* they shouldn't! That sent the purser into a towering rage. '*He* said you shouldn't!' he cries out. 'Cap'n Joe, indeed! Who's *he*, I should like to know? I'll let him know who's master up here—the young upstart. Go down and tell him that I said you *should* have it—*I said so*; and tell him to see about it at once.' The lesson on prayer is '*Think what you do want beforehand*, and then you won't go a-wasting your breath in prayin' for what you don't want!' We cannot read such passages without becoming aware that in his philosophy of life our old friend 'Dan'el' is Mark Guy himself, and we think with some amusement of the dignitary who wandered through the streets of Camborne and wanted to have the way to 'Mr. Quorm's' house pointed out to him.

Simon Jasper strikes a tenderer note than the earlier tales. The coming of the little Simon to the miller and his sad and lonely wife is beautifully told. Mr. Pearse always had a warm place in his heart for the little ones. He once said that the only place he could find where men and women were mentioned without children was

in Paradise ; and he had sometimes thought that ' if Eve had had a baby in Eden to take care of, she would not have had time to listen to the tittle-tattle of the serpent, and been led to steal her Master's apples.' He says in *Simon Jasper*, ' I love to think of how God told the prophet to say that " the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing," like as if He counted it one of the prettiest sights earth could show.'

John Tregenoweth, blinded in the mine, and the little maid who was ' 'most like an angel ' to her father, is a moving temperance story.

Then there is the alluring tale of *The Old Miller and his Mill*. ' But what did he grind with all these wheels ? Ah ! I think you would never guess that. He ground BABIES.

' In they went—no-year-old babies, and one-year-old babies, two-year-old babies, and three-year-old babies. Rich people's babies smothered in lace and ribbons ; and poor people's babies that looked quite as pretty and laughed as merrily—in they went into his mill. Babies that were little tiny lords and ladies, and even little tiny kings and queens, and babies that never had a roof over their heads or a bed to lie on—the old miller did not care, in they went. Babies that were teased to eat more, and were quite vexed with so many playthings ; and babies that were always hungry, and had nothing to play with but their toes. Laughing babies with blue eyes and golden hair and chubby little hands ; and queer little babies that sat

thinking all day long, looking into the fire with shrewd little eyes and wrinkled faces, as if they were solemnly reading all their coming troubles—in they went, all alike and all together.'

He goes on to tell how the mill ground some into cross folks and some into gentle ones, some into murderers and some into heroes ; and then of the One who came to undo the mischief of the miller and his mill.

Later on came *Gold and Incense*, a slight but charming story, which, says the author, has an added interest because it is perfectly true. Jennifer Petch, the little maid who, with her bright looks, wins the tallest and straightest and handsomest of the village lads, finds herself by and by with two boys and a helpless husband. Earning only a few shillings a week, she is stirred by the lines :

> Kings shall fall down before Him,
> And gold and incense bring,

and manages to save half a sovereign, her ' gold and incense,' for the chapel fund. A friend soon found Jennifer better work than her ill-paid toil in the fields and she and her two boys grew prosperous. At every collection there was a bit of gold ; and if it ever had to be announced, it was read out as ' Gold and Incense.' On special occasions she whispers, ' No other colour is good enough for Him except it is a five-pound note.' This story was once read in an Indian translation by a missionary to her servants. Daniel, her head servant, was deeply impressed,

and exclaimed, 'Would to God I could do likewise!' At the following Easter, when it was the custom for the converts to contribute any sums saved by self-denial through Lent, the clergyman said, 'We had one rather curious offering this morning—an envelope which contained half a sovereign and a few grains of incense.' 'I think I know where that came from,' said the missionary. Daniel's earnings were about £1 *per month.* He still serves the same mistress, and to this day does not know that his *mem sahib* has guessed his secret.

The Terrible Red Dwarf, Mr Pearse's famous little tract on the tongue, was translated into Chinese by Dr. Griffith John, of the London Missionary Society, and illustrated by a native artist. The first edition had contained the English illustrations, but these pictures appeared grotesque to Chinese readers. The dwarf is rightly named 'terrible,' for 'of all the dwarfs that ever did live, this certainly was the one that did the most harm, and that made the most noise about it.

THE TERRIBLE RED DWARF

That was all the more wonderful because he was so ridiculously small.' The tract is a masterpiece. Its symbolism appealed to the Eastern imagination, and a missionary once described to Mr. Pearse how he had seen twenty Chinamen sitting on their heels absorbed in the tale. ' The tongue,' he wrote, ' is a very unruly member in this land.'

Some of Mr. Pearse's books and tracts have been translated into most of the European and Asiatic languages, from Gaelic and Welsh to Malagasy and Japanese. (We reproduce a Japanese illustration in the text.) The sale of his works in the British Empire exceeded a million even in the 'eighties ; and many editions have been brought out in the United States. They were read sometimes in unexpected places. Mr. Pearse on one occasion met Dean Stanley, and, on his asking after his wife, Lady Augusta Stanley, who was very seriously ill, the Dean replied: ' I left her this afternoon with Queen Victoria, who, on entering the bedroom, said to my wife she

THE TERRIBLE RED DWARF

had brought a book to read which had been a very great spiritual help to her—a book written by a Wesleyan minister'; and the Dean added, 'The book was your *Daniel Quorm*. I left the Queen reading it aloud.'

In one of his last books, *The Ship where Christ was Captain*, he tells the noble story of Joe Smitham's sermon, 'which I remember as I remember no other I ever heard.' Joe Smitham was a well-known Cornish local preacher, a labourer in a coal-yard at Hayle—'one of the dearest men I ever knew,' writes Canon Sims Carah, of Camborne; and he goes on to say, 'He was a great and honoured friend in my old home, and, whenever he preached at the chapel, was always our guest. I heard him preach on the parable of the talents; how the man who had made two into four had done as well as the one who had turned five into ten, illustrated by the $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ pitcher and the $5d.$ one. Both are full, and the $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ one is saying, "I'm doin' so well as I can! I ca'an't hould no more," and the $5d.$ one is looking down, "So you are, brother. So you are!"'

The sermon itself, as told by Mark Guy Pearse, is too long to quote here: only a brief suggestion can be given. 'Dear old Joe Smitham. I see it all,' he says. 'The cheery presence; the look so quick to express and to impress; the dramatic power, that gift of the Celt; the pictures, for the Celt thinks in pictures. The swift change from gay to grave; sometimes a tenderness that

melted, and sometimes thrilling us with what was at once a rapture and an awe. There was the simple, homely Cornish dialect that added so much to its charm. And completing it was an utter absence of all self-consciousness, his soul absorbed in his message. Such was the preacher as I heard him that Sunday evening in a little village chapel forty years ago. It is all as fresh and vivid as if it were but yesterday.'

The text was Rev. iii. 21: 'To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne.' First, *The Lord's Promise.*

'My friends, this is one of the Lord Jesus Christ's promises, and when He do make a promise He do keep it. Be sure of that. He isn't like Saul, King of Israel. Let me tell about it.' He tells how the great giant Goliath stood 'pon top of a hill, and called for a man to fight him, and '"let the two of us settle it," and seeming to me it was a very sensible proposal.' How young David at last came forward. '*I aren't afraid of un, Your Majesty.* I killed a lion, and I killed a bear.'

'Now, here, David, speak the truth. You know very well you couldn't kill a lion not by your own self.'

'No, Your Majesty, I couldn't not by my own self.'

'Who helped 'ee, then?'

'Faither.'

'But your faither is Jesse up there to Bethlehem. He couldn't kill a lion.'

'No, he couldn't; but, Your Majesty, it was *the Heavenly Faither helped* me, the Lord God of heaven and earth.'

'Aw, David, do you think the Heavenly Faither would help you to kill this here great giant?'

'I'm sure He would.'

'Brave boy, sure 'nough. Here, quick, put my armour 'pon him.'

And so it goes on, and tells how, when Goliath was dead, Saul was in a terrible temper, and 'heaved his spear so that David had to run for it.'

'There, that is a man's promise. That is a king's promise. But there do stand the great giant Sin, defying us every one and blaspheming the God of heaven. And the Lord, our King and Captain, do say, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne." 'Tis the Lord's promise. And He will keep it. He will keep it.'

Then he asked, '*Who is the Promise to?* To *him*—to *him*. 'Tis to everybody.' Later, the *Weapon to fight with*. ''Tis the love of the Lord in a man's heart.' And lastly, '*Where the Lord do want to have us*,' was the mighty and moving peroration. 'My friends, He's coming. He's coming, and one day He will say, "Arise, My love, and come away, away, away." And when He do get me up there, where will He put me to? Out by the pearly gates? No—no. He'll say, "Come on, My dear, come on. I can't lev you standing out there. I do love you too much." . . . Where will He

put me to? Down 'pon the bottom step of His throne? No, no. He'll say, "Come on, My dear, come on. I can't lev you sitting down there. I do love you too much."

'He's coming—He's coming. And one day He will say, "Arise, My love, and come away—away—away." And when He do get me up there, where will He put me to? Right along of His own dear Self, so close as ever I can get. Hallelujah!'

And with that shout of rapture the sermon ended.

My gifts without Thy grace are lacking still :
Imperfect I do turn Thy gifts to ill :
Therefore would I with all Thy gifts entreat
These graces three to make Thy gifts complete—
The grace to see, and wonder at the sight :
The grace to take, and use Thy gifts aright :
The grace to share with him in poorer plight.

Chapter VII

THE LURE OF CORNWALL

Cornwall seems to weave a spell around its sons and daughters which never loses its power. No one felt this more than Mark Guy Pearse. At twenty-one he writes to his sister, *à propos* of a visit to Switzerland, 'Still nothing beats dear old Cornwall. I mean to get about the dear lanes and the sublime cliffs, and the "same sounding sea" till I am full of its grand spirit. The solitude, its unlikeness to anything else, its calm great rocks, its great expanse of sea and singing waves —they all have a beauty that Devonshire is too tame to equal, Derbyshire too small to touch, and Switzerland too common ever to come near in my mind. . . . First among treats I put the granite tors and black cliffs of Cornwall.'

It was a life-long passion. His writings and sermons and lectures are full of pictures of Cornwall, painted with a fidelity that he gained by a method of his own. In his young days he made a practice of taking what he called 'mental photographs.' He would look long and carefully at the scene, and then, withdrawing his gaze, would try to see it with his inner eye, and repeat the process until he had mastered every detail. Then memory and imagination combined to keep the picture

for life. Here is an example of a typical Cornish scene, written far away from the spot described.

'High heaps of stones on either side of the way, the refuse of the mine workings; little streaming rivulets, that had just been pumped from great depths, and were yet warm; clanking chains that stretch from the engine-house away to the shaft, and thence down in the mysterious gloom; men dressed in suits of flannel, stained a dull ochrish red, with a candle hanging from the shoulders, and another stuck in front of the hard canvas hat, ready to light them on their perilous journey; up and down the coast projecting headlands, bold and rugged; and, beyond all, the Atlantic, transparent green where the yellow sand lay underneath it, merging on either side into the deepest blue.'

The people were as dear to him as the land, and above all the Cornish fishermen. A visit to Polperro, 'that beautiful place,' described in a letter to his wife in 1873, gives a picture of him amongst them. 'Such a service I never had before. It was wonderful. The place filled chiefly with sturdy fishermen. And the responses, and the attention, and the depths of spiritual feeling were extraordinary. I *did* wish you were with me to hear them sing one of Philip Philip's pieces called "The Rock." Oh, to transplant them bodily to Mildmay Park. Such voices and such vehemence, the tears of holy joy running down their cheeks. It was a time that I shall never forget as long as I have a memory. We left them at it. As I was walking up

One of his sketches

[*Face p.* 129

the hill a fine-looking fisherman came out and grasped my hand. He looked at me and said, " Mester Pearse —iss, the same man as preached fourteen years agone in Polperro chapel, 'pon them words, ' In my Father's House are many mansions.' Ah, that night settled me. I was converted that night." '

Fourteen years ago the preacher could have been only a lad of eighteen, so this fisherman must have been one of his earliest converts, at some service he took as a local preacher, when still staying with Dr. Hingston at Liskeard.

All his life he had many friends among the fishermen, and liked nothing better than to talk to them and hear their tales. ' For the last twenty years,' wrote one after his death, ' the more I saw of him the more I loved him ; he was more than a great man, he was a saint.' It is a wonderful record—from eighteen to eighty-eight—through a life of varied travel and crowded experiences—to have inspired and kept the whole-hearted affection of simple fishermen. A letter received by him midway between youth and age, and treasured for thirty years, gives an inkling of the type of man he loved in the Methodist fishermen—' rejoicing, fighting, praying, watching, working, suffering, seeking for full redemption,' to quote John Wesley's immortal list.

' Polruan, Cornwall.

' *January* 14, 1891.

' Dear Sir,—A few weeks ago we were taking

a Norwegian vessel from Fowey to Charlestown, timber-laden, with deck load and rendered partially disabled by jibboom in, &c., all ready for going in Dock.

'The sky was looking very Bad and the Wind was fast veering to the South-East, but having a good Steam Tug ahead we thought all was well and went on. Just after dark it came on to rain and Blow from South-East with more Sea, and just before tide time a Boat came off telling us not to attempt the Harbour but return back to Fowey.

'The Tug did her best for 2 hours, but making no headway, the last quarter of an hour she was rolling and tossing very much. The Captain and I could hardly hear each other for Wind and Sea. Tho' sore against his will, to save himself he slipped the Tow rope and were soon Riding at anchor, our only hope. She was now about 200 fathoms from a leeshore. During the night I felt very uneasy and wanted to put out the second anchor with its old chain. But the Captain would not consent. Coming in the cabin about 1 o'clock I found him sleeping in bed. I left him for an hour and coming in again I touched him and he awoke. I said, "Captain, I want to drop the second anchor." His answer was, "No, Pilot, 'tis not a good one. The anchor we have down is a good one. I have Proved it." And when I came in again he was sleeping again. Looking at him with the water running out of my clothes, I

thought of the Passage, " which hope we have as an Anchor of the Soul."

' Wishing you every blessing for time and Eternity,

' I remain your Rough Brother,

' Moses Dunn.'

This picture of the Captain fast asleep with complete confidence in his anchor, and of the drenched and weary pilot, resting his soul on the great passage from Hebrews—' which hope we have as an anchor of the soul '—gives exactly the combination of common sense, courage, and simple faith which is typical of so many of Mark Guy Pearse's Cornish stories.

In some of these the miner figures also, but the Cornish miner, famous for so many centuries, has departed perforce to other countries. Wherever mining is carried on you will find Cornishmen. Down a thousand shafts and along thousands of drives they are busy with pick, hammer, and ' gad,' breaking out the precious ore. Speaking to the Cornish Association at Adelaide, in 1891, Mr. Pearse says, recalling old scenes in Cornwall, ' I see the workings of an old mill . . . and hear the crash of the stampers. The old clang of the chain is missing ; it has been replaced by the wire rope ; the kibble has given place to the waggon on wheels. Up comes the man in underground dress stained with red ochre. The candle is still burning in front of his hat, where it is fastened by the clay. Twisted about his neck is a coil of fuse. The borer

and pick are slung on his back. These are the men who are indomitable and steadfast ; bold and persevering. Yes, the Cornishman is a very firm man, not to say obstinate.'

He was himself a Cornishman of Cornishmen. Generations of his ancestors had lived in Cornwall. He was at home among his own people. He spoke their tongue and he held the master-key to unlock their hearts. The characters that live in his pages—Daniel Quorm, the kindly old Frankey Vivian, Widow Pascoe, Old Rosie, John Tregenoweth, the blind fiddler—all these and many more won instant recognition among their fellows. They were of his own blood ; into them he poured, not only his cheery spirit and deep religious feeling, but his own simplicity and humour : ' Thank God I carry a laugh in my heart,' he used to say ; and laughter echoed round him wherever he went.

He liked to talk in the broad Cornish that had been familiar to him from his boyhood in Camborne. Once when responding to a vote of thanks for his lecture on ' Old Folks at Home,' he said that the reason why he was able to reproduce the Cornish so faithfully was that for the first twenty-one years of his life he was a Cornish *minor* ; and he was much amused when the local newspaper reported that ' the reverend gentleman with praiseworthy candour then confessed that he might well know the dialect, since he himself had worked in the Cornish mines until he was twenty-one ' !

He sometimes wrote letters or merry little poems in

dialect, and one has been preserved that was written to thank his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pethybridge, for a Christmas present of a goose. (See pp. 134–5.)

His lecture on 'Some Old Folks at Home' was a great favourite in England, and when he gave it in Canada it seemed to link afresh the young Canada with the old country.

'That grand old Cornwall. How I love it, with its old notions, its legends, its ghosts, its witches; separated as it is from the rest of England, just as Caithness is separated from the rest of Scotland, preserving all the old-time traditions in all their pristine vigour and freshness.' Then followed one of his inimitable anecdotes about a dear old body who wore the same bonnet for forty years by dint of frequent patching, first on one side, then on the other, then on the back, then on the front. 'What a fine thing,' said he, with a humorous twinkle, 'if we could make bonnets last forty years nowadays.' He told the story of the old dame who was in deep distress because her daughter was going to marry a 'furriner' from another parish. And of Old Rosie, who said she was a hundred and five and, 'of course, nobody else being so old, she could not be successfully contradicted.'

The reference to Cornish 'witches' recalls an experience he once had when fishing in North Cornwall, told in a letter to his wife. 'I had been out until four o'clock, and then put down my rod and wanted

DOES MRS PEARSE LIVE HERE, PLEASE?"

Why, la! my dear missus, et es nit no use
For lew try and zay "thenk yew" for thickey grit gewse!
A gewse! why my dear, tes more like a
Or a gewse and a haf instead of bit Swan.
My dear, he's a beauty, an warm.
I never ded zee
Such a duck of a gewse to lewk upon
as he.

Now wot can yo zay to 'ee, Messis, my dear!
Here's my wife and my children stan'ing
all round my cheer.
And we'm oal of us tryin' for to zay some'ut
pritty.
But theare! we caint noan of us manage
en fitty.
I'll prentice my boy to a Laureate poet.
And in eleven years time he 'll know
how to do it.
Vile then, my dear Messis, it-es'nt no
use
For I'ew hy and zay "thenk yew" for
thicky gert geese.

a pipe, but had no matches. I went into a house at Glasta Bridge and asked for some, and gave the old woman some tracts ; a fine-faced old creature with a sharp black eye. She asked me in for a cup of tea which she was just having. As she hobbled away to get me a cup, I noticed that she was lame, so I said, " Have you got the rheumatics? " " La, no, my dear, 'tis all upon the narves, here to the small of my back." " Well," I said, " you should try a plaster. I'm going in to Camelford on Tuesday and I'll send you back one." " Thank'ee, sir, kindly," said the old woman. I had finished my tea and come home later in the evening, and sat telling my hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Kittow, of where I had been. " Oh," said they, " you have been to tea with the old witch. She is lame because the *white-witch* (that is a man who has power to *undo* the spell of the witch) has laid his evil eye upon her, and she will never be better till it is taken off by him ; so they say hereabout ! " '

Where except in Cornwall could any one find—in addition to a witch—a ' white-witch ' to undo her spells ? Where else could one meet such a prompt reply as he once had at Laneast, a little place near the moor, where he was preaching on the Twenty-third Psalm and emphasizing the defencelessness of the sheep. What could it do to defend itself ? ' 'A can butt,' spoke up a girl from the front pew. ' Our auld ram knacked down Grandfeyther t'other day ! '

In a lecture given at the City Temple on ' Some

Characteristics of West Cornwall,' he described this peculiar people. 'Of average height, but of rather more than average courage, toughness, and endurance; with a quickness of perception and a love of adventure developed by their occupation; a temperament emotional, impulsive, and yet capable of a faithful devotedness; of the stuff that makes good lovers and good haters; strong in their preferences and in their prejudices; sensitive, and somewhat suspicious of strangers; stubborn if opposed, and if threatened dreadfully pig-headed, yet quick to respond to the first approach of tenderness and generosity. Loving companionship, the Cornishman is a poor bachelor, and lives almost all the world over in communities, making the interest of his set completely his own, and cheerfully sharing their hardships. Take them altogether, they are men with good heads well set on broad shoulders, men with backbones in them—vertebrate creatures—not mere jelly-fish, taking the shape of any hand that squeezes them; and with hearts in them—not mere digestive apparatus, as Carlyle would say.'

He found the Cornishwoman equally 'vertebrate,' it would appear from the following story told in a letter to his wife, written from the south coast of Cornwall.

'I have just come in from the sea—so hungry. I do wish they would get the tea! . . . We brought home *sixty* mackerel and one longnose. It was a pleasant sail. We put in at a little bay, and an old,

old man came down to us, the veritable old man of the sea. He has bricked up the entrance to a cave and put a door, and there he lives all the year round. He came down to talk to us. "Smugglers. I can mind 'em. There was seventy-four of 'em come in this here bay, and they treated the Preventive men terrible. And my grandmother—she *was* a good woman, if you mind to—and she up and dared the lot of 'em, and loosed the Preventive man and saved his life. She *wur* a woman if you mind to—what they calls a Wesleyan she wur, and not afeared of the lot of 'em she warn't." '

One especial spot that was full of the lure of Cornwall was Morwenstow on the north coast, where he used to stay with his friend, Mr. William Harris; when overwork brought on sleeplessness—as happened too often—he used to come down to the stillness and solitude where he could wander all day and scarcely see a creature.

'I am here luxuriating in this delicious quiet,' he writes. 'Not a sound in all the wide world reaches me but the cluck of an old hen outside, who really is very quiet considering that she is looking after no less than twenty-five chickens; a calf in the distance is boo-ing for his breakfast, and through the door comes the frizzling of our bacon and potatoes. . . . Sunday I stayed at home with my book and read aloud for a little while, but I found dizziness and exhaustion soon followed that. I must just exist, an animal existence, and leave my brains at home.'

The Rev. W. Gregory Harris has contributed some personal recollections of Mr. Pearse as he first knew him. 'As a boy I spent long, glorious holidays with my uncle, William Gregory Harris, at Cleave House, Morwenstow, and here Mark Guy Pearse loved to come when visiting the neighbourhood. The romantic surroundings were such as specially appealed to him. The cliffs on this part of the Cornish coast are magnificent, and it is a fine sight to see the huge Atlantic breakers, churned to milky foam, hurling themselves against "the thundering shores of Bude and Boss."

'At Cleave Mark Guy found just the kind of rest and recreation that his mind and body craved. Flowing through the Coombe meadows is an intriguing little trout-stream which empties itself after many a tortuous turn into the sea at Duckapool. To watch "Mester Pearse" whipping the stream, with an almost uncanny cleverness, was a sight I have never forgotten. The day's sport over and the evening meal finished, Mark Guy and Uncle William would forsake the dining-room for the big farm-kitchen, with its open hearth and fragrant wood-fire, and then —their pipes drawing "sweetly"—what tales were told, what glorious gossip there was! My uncle, like Mark Guy, had made a start in the medical profession, but had to relinquish it in order that the work at Cleave Farm might be carried on.'

Mr. Pearse tells a good story of this friend, Mr.

Harris, in a letter written about 1882, which shows the generous temper of the man.

'I find Mr. Harris is laid up with rheumatic gout, and, though mending, he still suffers much. He is Overseer of the parish, and went to see an old fellow who had long been on parish pay. They docked off sixpence a week. He sent a pitiful letter. Mr. Harris went to see the old fellow, and said he must feel the man's pulse. Whilst he was doing this the old rascal kicked him violently on the knee, and for a month Mr. Harris was laid up in bed. But Mr. Harris *wrote next day and recommended that the man have the* 6*d. put on again*.'

The Rev. Gregory Harris goes on to tell of another farmer friend of Mr. Pearse, Mr. Rawlings of Oldwit Farm, who figures in *Simon Jasper* as my 'friend Oldwit,' and to whom he was indebted for three or four incidents in that volume, acknowledged there under that name. 'In such homes as these,' says Mr. Harris, 'Mr. Pearse found plenty of raw material waiting to be put into literary form. His famous "Old Folks at Home" lecture was largely made up of stories collected from his fishing, agricultural, and mining friends. The Cornishman, when he loses his native shyness or suspicion of a "stranger" is a born *raconteur*; but it needs insight and imagination, such as Mark Guy Pearse possessed, to give his humorous reflections and artless narratives an abiding value. Just as Baring Gould was inspired to collect

the *Songs of the West* at a time when the old quavering singers of them were about to quit the stage, so Mark Guy saw the artistic value of those old words and old ways, which we who were his contemporaries still treasure as priceless memories, in days when "the individual withers and the world is more and more." '

The charm never faded. The Cornwall that he loved in his youth was the delight of his old age. At eighty-one he writes to Mr. Edward Pethybridge about the days he used to spend with his father, the old friend with whom he had hooked his first trout. When in Launceston circuit he used to reckon to get his Mondays off, and in the shooting season he would tramp with the guns, and in the fishing season they would fish.

' I am away at the Tamar,' he writes, ' and watch the careful stride, the kneel on the bank, and the skilful cast. Or away at Tamill ; I have a vivid memory of how we stayed for an hour, and the dear father got a beautiful trout about a pound and a half. Then we drove on to Boscastle, and, in old Mrs. Scott's days, put up at the Wellington and had the trout for supper, and home in a most gorgeous sunset. I stroll again with him in the woods with Johns (the keeper) ; I hear *his* gruff warning to his spaniels, " Have a care, you industrious brutes ! " (it might be the motto of the trades unions). I see your father pull his hat more tightly over his forehead, and moisten his lips as he lifts his gun, for the dogs have marked a woodcock.

' Well, well, if a man's true wealth lies in the happy

memories he leaves behind him, few men were ever richer than my right dear friend. . . . Oh for one of the days when we sat together in the hedge and had one of dear Aunt Emma's meat pasties, and then an apple pasty with cream—was ever Lord Mayor's banquet so much enjoyed? '

Five years later he writes enclosing a photograph of himself taken in 1911 which we reproduce (facing page 177). 'Did you ever see the photograph that Maud took of me after a catch of pollack off the Longships—53—and I am holding two of 25 lbs. each, and the rest on the grass, the smallest 15 lbs.? We had shifted the ballast three times and then with a heavy sea on dared not take any more on board. Left the monsters rolling after the *mackerel*, while the flocks of gannet and big herring-gulls pounced down on those that flew on the surface —to escape from the pollack.'

'Memory is a curious thing,' writes Mr. Edward Pethybridge, who has drawn on his to much purpose for many pages in this book. 'Little things that have been asleep for years wake up and then doze again. But the big things are always awake, and "Uncle Guy's" personality, his genius and character, have always been one of the great compelling forces in my life, and always will be.'

FEAR, facing the New Year,
Saith, ' What shall it bring ? '
And is dumb,
Dreading the hidden ways.

Faith, looking upward, saith,
' Good is in everything :
' Let it come,
' God ordereth the days.'

This is our New Year's bliss.
He is mine and I am His.
All the days, all the ways,
Lead us home.
Let us pray. Let us praise.

Chapter VIII

SUNDAY MORNINGS AT ST. JAMES'S HALL, 1886–1903

The Bitter Cry of Outcast London, a pamphlet by George R. Sims, which appeared in the spring of 1885, created an extraordinary impression, and stirred up the Churches to a new concern and effort for the metropolis. It was proposed that Hugh Price Hughes should begin a mission in the East End, and he was eager to undertake the task of relieving the terrible misery and degradation there. But his suggestions as to the mission were too bold for the Conference of 1885.

One day the Rev. R. W. Allen came to Brixton to say that he had long been convinced that Mr. Hughes must undertake a mission in the *West End*. 'I have never thought of it,' was the reply. 'You must think of it then,' said Mr. Allen, 'and we and all the Forwards will back you through thick and thin, and send you there.' Others shared that feeling, and Mr. Hughes gradually braced himself to undertake the task if Mark Guy Pearse would go with him. He set forth his proposals in a letter dated January 21, 1886.

'. . . They think for many reasons I had better attack the West End rather than the East End. This

is a new idea, but it is strongly urged on me, and it has so much in its favour that I am already disposed to say yes to the proposal, on one condition—that *you* consent to be associated with me in the enterprise. I was told some time ago that you were still willing to go to Cornwall if I would go with you. The West End of London is even more important than Cornwall. Why should we not undertake an analogous task in the West End? I would be responsible for the work and for the organization. You would be free to write books, to conduct holiness conventions, and to do anything to which the Spirit of God led you. . . . You would have that *liberty* and that *permanence* which you crave. . . . You are well known outside Methodism, and your co-operation would be invaluable in the West End. Methodism has never yet touched the upper classes. There are also thousands of young men and young women in the great West End shops. The West End is also the head-quarters of the "social evil." . . . The responsibility of decision now rests with *you*. For if you say, "Do all that is in thine heart, turn thee, behold, I am with thee according to thine heart," I shall feel that the die is cast and I am ready to give the rest of my life to this great work.'

Mr. Pearse hesitated, and at first refused. He had decided to live in Cornwall, which he loved better than any place on earth. He wanted to be free to write, to preach in many places, to visit the Colonies. Moreover, he was sure that where Hugh Price Hughes

was there would not be much room for anybody else! But in response to a pressing invitation he went to tea, and Mrs. Hughes has described the interview that took place. '*For two hours*,' she said, 'my husband talked without stopping, setting forth his ideas and plans. Mr. Pearse *never uttered one word*. Can you imagine him silent for two hours? "Well, will you come?" asked Mr. Hughes at length. "Yes, I will," said Mark Guy Pearse, and with that he bolted, and so rapidly that Mr. Hughes had not even time to ask him for his London address.'

It was a momentous decision; and the partnership became a famous one. A greater contrast than the two men could not be imagined, but there was no friction. When Mr. Hughes was asked how this wonderful harmony was achieved, he would answer with a twinkle in his eyes that it was as simple as Euclid: parallel lines never met, and therefore could not cross each other. Each had his own work, and did it in his own way. 'You,' said Mr. Hughes, 'shall edify the saints and I will pursue the sinners.'

Mark Guy Pearse was to preach every Sunday morning and assist in any other way he chose, but was to be free from the cares of organization. On October 24, 1887, he preached for the first time in St. James's Hall. A thousand people gathered to hear him. There was no great orchestra such as led the afternoon and evening singing. The service was very simple; there was a small choir; fresh flowers were on the reading-stand.

Behind him sat the Sisters of the People. For fifteen years he drew one of the largest Sunday morning congregations in London. Rich and poor, gentle and simple, sat side by side. He did not preach 'great sermons.' There was no oratorical effort. There were passages of vivid description, of ingenious parable, of happy characterization. Earnestness and simplicity, combined with pungency, humour, and pathos, were the secret of his popularity. The service was joyous, hearty, and enthusiastic, and as free as possible from conventionality. At its close he used to take his stand at one of the principal doors, and cordially shake hands with the people as they crowded out.

In the preface to a published volume of sermons preached in St. James's Hall, entitled *Naaman the Syrian*, he says, 'The preaching necessarily partakes of this freedom and homeliness. It is as natural to *talk* from a platform as it is to preach from a pulpit. And the character of the congregation encourages such a style. To those who have not been in the habit of attending any place of worship, a public hall is much nearer than a church. A church is regarded as the private property of those who worship there; a hall is everybody's. There are no pews, and there are no privileges. To go into a church is to take upon oneself some degree of religious profession; but curiosity is enough to prompt a stroll into a hall. On the other hand, there are some disadvantages. . . . But this we have learned—and this is true alike in all places and

in all services—that nothing but the tender Pity, the infinite Love, the almighty Power, the real and abiding Presence of the Lord Jesus Christ can help men and women amidst the sins and sorrows of our great city. And, because those sins are so real and those sorrows are so deep, there is no place where the gospel of God's salvation is so gladly heard and so eagerly received.'

Dr. Rattenbury says of his sermons at this time, 'He had an eye for hidden beauties in the Scriptures, and was sometimes criticized by the blind because *they* couldn't see them. One cannot think of him as a preacher without calling to mind his terse sentences and witty sayings; his invective and his tender comfort. He sometimes put a sermon into an unexpected accent; or a dramatic gesture told a story without words. He was always the artist. He saw, and made his audience see. I remember scenes he depicted so graphically that the figures in them stand out in my memory with the distinctness of statues. I recall, for instance, his description of the ladies of Egypt crying in time of famine for bread. Their dress, features, gestures, intonations, were superbly imagined and pictured with the consummate skill of a great dramatic artist.'

To many it was emphatically comforting preaching. The army of mourners and those ready to despair in a big city never wants recruits. Such letters as the following need no comment.

'DEAR SIR,—Will you please put the enclosed notes for £20 to one of the charities connected with the West London Mission in which you, personally, are most interested? I am sending it as a "thank-offering," and with much gratitude. Last October I came to a Sunday morning service, heavy-hearted and sad—for my way laid through the desert, and my heart was failing me for fear. I cannot find words to express my gratitude to you for your message of help and cheer that day! I felt it to be a real message from God to my soul—the very words that were so sorely needed. May I trouble you to acknowledge the receipt of the £20 enclosed, in the *Methodist Times*, under the initials L. M., as I prefer not to give my real name.'

And again: 'I cannot let the day run out without writing to thank you for your wonderfully pathetic and beautiful discourse. It has been my privilege to have heard most of the great preachers of my day, men of various casts of thought and opinion, but never have I felt the power of Jesus's sympathy and overwhelming tenderness so fully and exquisitely brought out.

'Some years ago I relinquished all elements of the supernatural in religion . . . but I want to tell you that if ever I return to the so-called true fold, it will be upon some such reasoned presentation as I heard last night, and that a plea for the Divinity can be rested,

and perchance built up, upon such transcendent generosity of conduct and such altogether superhuman kindness. . . . May the sweet infection of Jesus's treatment of Peter never be effaced from my memory ! '

A letter of a different kind may be taken as showing his influence on the many engaged in commercial life who came to hear him. ' As a result of your sermon,' it ran, ' I have just given " back word " to an agent to whom last week I promised £5 if he would get me a certain piece of land for £850.' The writer went on to explain how his conscience had troubled him that he, as a Christian man, should have sought to bribe this agent to persuade the owner to part with the site at the above figure.

Mr. Pearse was a strength and support to the West London Mission on week-days as well as on Sundays. His Friday morning services in Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, were a means of reaching many leisured people, of relieving much unspoken sorrow and loneliness, and putting new hope and new aims into harassed and empty lives. Many instances of this are known that cannot be spoken of here. There came also to these ' Bible-readings ' social workers, some who were leaders in the heat of the battle for temperance and social purity, who found themselves strengthened and refreshed. A letter from Lady Henry Somerset says, ' May I tell you how much those Friday services have been to me ; when I have been in London for a few days, amidst the hurry and strife of life they have been

times of such peace and blessing. I know how many will tell you the same, but I felt I should like to add my testimony to theirs, for each one to whom your words have been blessed must be an added blessing to yourself.'

Mr. Pearse was a source of strength to all who worked with him. One Sunday evening, when, through somebody's blunder, he found himself without an engagement, he went to Josiah Nix's Lantern Service at Wardour Hall. He contributed a vivid account of this sermon and service to the *Mission Report* for 1894.

Mr. Nix was in charge of Wardour Hall, and Mr. Pearse always spoke of him with the utmost warmth. 'He was a great man,' he wrote in a memorial account many years later. 'It is impossible to think how much the West London Mission in those old and blessed times owed to him. He caught from Hugh Price Hughes the splendid audacity that ventured on all kinds of new and daring enterprise for the Lord Jesus. He remembered what so many of us fail to remember—that the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and that the violent man taketh it by force.'

His junior colleagues, the Rev. C. Ensor Walters and the Rev. W. H. Lax, looked on him as a father. Dr. Rattenbury recalls a visit paid to Leicester to plead for the West London Mission. 'A young man came with him, a mere lad who had just entered the ministry, and he also said a few words. How delighted Mr. Pearse

was with the applause they evoked ! I had supper with him that night, and he spoke of little but the young man's speech. " He is such a quiet, nice, modest lad," he said to me.' This was the Rev. C. Ensor Walters, who went straight from Didsbury to the mission in 1895, and who, seven years later, was called on to take its leadership on the tragically sudden death of Mr. Hughes : a difficult thing indeed to succeed that great and outstanding personality. Mr. Walters has spoken of Hugh Price Hughes as the master-builder of the mission, and, he added, ' it was Mark Guy Pearse who welded it together by his wonderful preaching and exposition of Christian love.' The bond between the older and the younger man was a close one. ' He took me to his heart,' said Mr. Walters, and to Mr. Pearse he wrote in 1924, ' I owe more to you than to any living man. You taught me to preach ! I reverence and love you.'

During the week Mr. Pearse was constantly preaching and lecturing in other parts of the country, or in the metropolis itself. There was a close friendship between him and the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and an occasional exchange of pulpits. Spurgeon earnestly desired him as a successor at the Tabernacle, but Mark Guy Pearse had no thought of leaving Methodism. The first sermon in St. James's Hall on the opening of the mission, one Friday morning in October 1887, was preached by Spurgeon ; and five years later, on his death in 1892, Mr. Pearse held a memorial service for

him in the same place. His text was 'Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into the harvest' (Matt. ix. 38). He spoke of him as 'the foremost preacher of the age. Of all the master men of this generation, there is none whose influence has been so widespread, so deep, and so high as his. He has opened up new avenues for the gospel. He has done more than any other man to deliver preaching from the tyranny of the pulpit, and the pulpit from the tyranny of stiffness and unnaturalness. Many a simple man has dared to open his lips for the Master who would have been silent but for the example of this great preacher; and tens of thousands will to-day hear the gospel in places that would have been closed but for him whose fame was made in a music-hall.'

One can gather from this what a profound influence Spurgeon had upon the mind and method of Mark Guy Pearse, and he goes on to add his personal testimony. 'There is none living to whom I owe so much as to him. I have never taken up one of his sermons without finding my soul quickly aglow with love and praise. If, when I am dull and cast down, I begin to read something of his, it is to me what the harp of David was to the troubled Saul of old. Many a time I have come to my work kindled with hope and ringing with praise, because God has spoken to me by the printed word of His servant. I loved and honoured him. To me he was another Luther—the same sturdy faith, the same fearless defiance, the same ready

humour, the same love of all things bright and pure, the same simplicity and self-forgetfulness.'

In the winter of 1901–2, Mr. Pearse was planning another visit to America ; he had long felt a wish to be at liberty for wider calls, and he now withdrew from his work at St. James's Hall. ' It was well known in the mission,' writes Miss Hughes, ' that, in whatever part of the world Mr. Pearse might be, he took its interests with him. He pleaded its cause and begged money for it at the Antipodes, just as when he was at home.'

Hugh Price Hughes's illness and death, at the comparatively early age of fifty-five, changed his plans. It was a terrible grief, an unexpected and irreplaceable loss. But the work had to continue. Mrs. Hughes heroically resolved to remain at the head of the Sisterhood. Mr. Pearse cancelled his voyage to the West Indies, and resumed his ministry at St. James's Hall for a time without either stipend or other remuneration. Every worker in the mission responded to this lead. There was a wonderful outburst of enthusiasm in the midst of their grief. *Advance*, the organ of the mission, sounded a clarion call. ' The battle is not over in West London yet. "Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward." '

. . . . . .

One day, in 1926, he asked the Rev. Ira G. Goldhawk, who had recently been appointed Superintendent

of the West London Mission, to come and see him. 'Never shall I forget the evening we spent together,' wrote Mr. Goldhawk. 'Naturally, he spoke chiefly of the early days—the period of his own ministry in the mission. At last I asked the question uppermost in my mind. "Tell me, Mr. Pearse, what do you think of the mission to-day and of its future?" He jumped to his feet. "The West London Mission offers you the greatest ministry in the world. I wish I could put the clock back forty years and have your opportunity."'

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN SUFFERETH VIOLENCE

O MAN of God, dost thou in grief deplore
The hosts of those who pass the church's door,
The barren waste of empty pews within ;
Without, a world alive with pleasure's din,
Or worse, a world sunk down in bonds of sin ?

Canst thou accept it ? Come and go content ?
For this shall all thy life and thought be spent ?
Content to come and go, to sing and pray,
To read a homily, then go away,
Content to let things drift without dismay !

Has the great love of Jesus lost its charm
For thee ? Has that Almighty arm
No all-subduing power, that thy word
Falls all unheeded even when it's heard ;
No throb, no thrill—thy eloquence preferred ?

No kindling in the heart of holy fire ;
No God-ward sweep of violent desire ;
Alas, no glow of burning eagerness :
No whole-souled effort to uplift and bless :
No yearning heart : no balm of tenderness ?

How dost thou heed thy Captain's stern command
If thou hast no brave enterprise on hand ?
Thy sword for ornament, and not for fight ;
Thine arm for gesture only—not to smite :
Fine words, and no fierce conflict for the right ?

Art thou a reaper—who dost never reap ?
Art thou a shepherd—who heeds not the sheep ?
Art thou a fisher—yet unflung the net ?
For stewardship the Master hath thee set :
What of His gain, since gain thou dost not get ?

God's Kingdom suffereth violence ; and they
Who shrink from violence along the way
Must empty-handed go ; no conquest won,
And all the life's work empty and undone.
O man of God, wilt thou of these be one ?

O man of God, arouse thee for the fight !
Put on His armour of all-conquering might !
For thee there waits the victory as of old ;
A conquest if in Him thou wilt be bold ;
For thee the victor's diadem of gold.

Chapter IX

SOCIAL SYMPATHIES

In the social activities of the West London Mission, Mark Guy Pearse found work after his own heart. He liked to say of the Sisters and workers, '*They practise* what *I preach*.'

'This quarter of London,' he said when speaking in America, 'embraces the residences of royalty, both Houses of Parliament, the clubs, the neighbourhood of that great world called "Society"; it is the commercial centre, to which thousands of the best youth of the country flock every year; it is the Vanity Fair of the civilized world, vying with Paris in its luxurious provision for the seekers of pleasure. Here too are the poor, and all those evils which accompany social life in crowded centres—insanitary dwellings, irregular employment, sweated wages intensified by higher rates, higher cost of living, and, what is worse still, aggravated by the close proximity of those awful contrasts, the extremes of wealth and poverty, which are the special and peculiar miseries of the West End.'

An impartial summary of the activities of the West London Mission is contained in the Right Honourable Charles Booth's *Religious Influences of London* (1903); and a brief quotation from this source will serve to

indicate them. After describing the general condition of London in somewhat the same terms as Mr. Pearse has done in the passage just quoted, he goes on to say, 'Into the midst of this population and this condition of things, with which neither old-fashioned parish organization, nor High Church enthusiasm, nor missionary zeal, seemed able successfully to deal, the Wesleyans plunged with even greater energy and enthusiasm. This enterprise has its centre in the West London Mission. Its expansion has been astonishing, and its success triumphant and wonderful. As a whole it presents perhaps the most characteristic social and religious movement in London of the last decade.

'*The impulse comes from St. James's Hall.* . . . In addition to this great preaching centre, the West London Mission makes use of three halls in different parts of the district where services are regularly conducted. At each we find the same series of efforts to reach and touch and teach and help. At each there are "Sisters of the People," who wear a garb and are called by chosen Christian names preceded by the title "Sister." They visit the people, nurse the sick, teach the children, and manage the institutions, having the assistance of a large number of volunteers.

'There are mothers' meetings and Sunday schools, the "People's Drawing-room" and children's playhour, a cripples' guild of "Brave Poor Things," thrift societies and temperance work, servants' registry and labour bureau, boys' clubs and girls' clubs—all much

the same as are to be found with every actively worked religious organization ; but more than usually filled with fervour, and so welded together as to form the greatest mission Church in London.'

For the main features of all this Hugh Price Hughes was responsible ; but in his own way Mark Guy Pearse spent, not only his fifteen years in the mission, but the best part of his life afterwards, in active effort to help the Sisterhood. He described their work wherever he went. ' The Church which will make the best use of its women is the Church that will come to have the strongest hold of the world,' he said. To raise money, in addition to collections for their work, he used at the end of his services and lectures to sell his own books for their benefit ; and bit by bit and year by year he collected the sum total of £12,000.

The help and support that he gave to the Sisters was fully recognized. ' Great and honoured as he was elsewhere,' writes Sister Lily (now Mrs. Howard May), ' it was in the West London Mission that he was at his best. He was our unfailing friend ; to rich and poor he gave unstintingly ; and often was it said, " When you brought Mr. Pearse to see me, I felt that Christ had come into the room." '

Mrs. Price Hughes's words about him, written in the report of 1908, may perhaps be quoted here. ' From the very beginning,' she says, ' twenty-one years ago, he has been the kindest, warmest, and most faithful friend. We cannot realize what we should have done

without his never-failing sympathy and help. Sisters struggling with difficult cases knew that they had only to relate the piteous story to Mr. Pearse to obtain prompt sympathy and generous help. Sisters who were ill and overwrought were cheered by his visits, so full of sunshine and humour ; and for the funds of the Sisterhood he has toiled, year in, year out, with a self-sacrifice and devotion that is unequalled. Humanly speaking, we could not have lived through all the unsettlement and difficulty of the last few years had it not been for Mr. Pearse's splendid and generous services.'

In the early days of the mission, new ideas were always taking shape, new experiments were always being tried. One early success was the ' Dinner for the Lonely,' held on Christmas Day. The dinner was at 1.30, but the guests were entertained until 11 p.m., and over 150—mostly young people in business who could not return home—used to come, only too delighted to pay 2*s.* 6*d.* to have a merry instead of a sad Christmas. ' Mr. Pearse was the life of the party,' writes Dorothea Hughes in her Life of her father, and she goes on to say that his Cornish stories delighted Mr. Hughes, who said 'he never heard Pearse without finding something intensely suggestive in what he said.' James Douglas once wrote of him as *Father Christmas Pearse*, and at this ' Lonely Party ' he certainly deserved the title. Many of these young people attended the Sunday morning service at St. James's

Hall, and they were also welcomed to the 'Social Hour' on Sunday evenings at Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, where, from 9 to 10 o'clock, tea and coffee were served, and an opportunity was given for talk with the Sisters and leaders of the work, and also for general friendly chat; the hour ended with family prayers. It was an innovation that led to much good. 'The worst two hours in the week for a young man in London are between nine and eleven on Sunday night,' said one, in commending this bit of work.

'Make any experiment you choose,' Mr. Hughes had said to his early workers, 'but, if it fails, drop it like a hot potato.' So the Sisters were free to follow wherever they felt led: individual bits of work were tried out, and, when they proved useful and successful, they were incorporated into permanent features of the mission. Some of them continue to the present day. 'There is the crèche,' said Mr. Pearse, in describing the work to a New York audience. 'That came about from the fact that one of our Sisters went to a house —or a room, rather, for the poor people have no houses —one afternoon. She rapped on the door, no response; rapped again, no response; the third time she rapped, still no response. Investigation followed, for she knew a family lived in that room. What was discovered? Four children of a working mother were confined in that room day after day, the little ones tied to the bedposts. Bread and water were within reach, and all day long, every day in the week, those little children were

tied to the bed-posts, while their mother was out at work earning a pittance to supply them with bread. The Sisters felt they must open a little crèche, or day nursery, for such neglected children as these. At that time a crèche was a rare thing indeed, and nursery schools were unheard of. They commenced with a dozen children, and to-day the average attendance is from sixty to eighty a day.'

There was a touch of heroism in some of these early experiments of the Sisters that appealed to Mr. Pearse as much as their pity. In Somers Town, one of the most wretched and squalid districts of West London, half a dozen of them lived and worked. Their dwelling-place overlooked a court around which the people lived in single rooms—' small dens furnished chiefly with dirt and insect life,' writes one of the Sisters. ' In the intense heat of the summer of 1894 it was no wonder that men and women drank : that they went nearly mad : that day and night the air was filled with vile language and riot. Men and women sat on doorsteps or lay on the ground to cool ; the nights were one long misery.'

Then the Sisters thought they would try what they could do and they went out and sat on their own doorstep. ' I well remember,' wrote one, ' the astonishment of our first appearance—a great surprise fell on all. At last a man walked up to a Sister, and said, " Well, Sister, have the bugs driven you out, too ? " " Oh, no," replied Sister. " Well, if it's a

fair question, what have you come out for?" "Because you are out." "And when are you going in?" "When you go in." A pause, then very slowly and emphatically, "Well—I'm—blowed." '

The experiment was never regretted; many quarrels and fights were prevented, and the Sisters came to know the real thoughts and longings of many a heart, as they sat on a doorstep at midnight. 'I shall never forget a long talk I had,' says the Sister, 'with a young fellow I had tried to help for many months, but never could get at. But there in the darkness he told me the story of his life, how sad and sinful it had been, and how he truly longed for better things. At no other time would he have laid bare his soul as he did in the solemn night.' Some tragedies they shared during those hot nights, and some comedies. Some woman coming reeling home would be quietly joined by a Sister, conveyed to her room, and the door carefully closed behind her, but before there was time for thankfulness, she would be out in the court again; over and over again she would be conveyed to bed before sleep ended all strife. Finally, about two o'clock, because they were all worn out, and because 'It's a shame to keep them Sisters up any longer,' the court gradually cleared.

'When I think,' comments the Sister, 'of what two years have brought, of increased usefulness, of firmer faith and deeper love, I thank God and take courage.'

Mr. Pearse tells a story of a Sister who was asked to

visit a girl of twenty-one who had been in prison several times, and had been expelled from a reformatory.

The Sister went to the jail, and the girl was brought into the room, all defiance, and she said angrily, ' I'm not going into a home.'

' Oh, Mary,' said the Sister, ' I heard about you, and I've been so sorry for you ! '

' You were sorry for me ? ' Her looks showed her surprise. The matron of the reformatory, the lady president, the police, and the magistrate had all told her she was a very naughty girl. Nobody had ever been *sorry* for her before.

' When I heard about you,' said the Sister, ' I thought to myself, What should I like anybody to do for me if I were Mary ? '

' Well, what did you think then ? ' the girl asked.

' Well, I thought there might be somebody I should like to send my love to ! Isn't there anybody that you would like me to take your love to ? '

' Yes,' said the girl. ' There's my little brother. He is only six years old, and there's nobody to see him when I am here ! '

' I will go and see him,' said the Sister, ' and I will see he is taken care of until you come out. He and I will be at the prison door to meet you.'

Then Mary's face softened. ' Sister, I believe I could be good if other people were like you ! '

A few weeks later Mr. Pearse found her in the home, singing at her work. ' As I shook hands I said cheerily

" I thought you weren't going into a home, Mary? "

' " Home? " said Mary. " This isn't a home. It's heaven! " '

' Open thy mouth for the dumb in the cause of all such as are left desolate,' said a great woman many centuries ago. The work of the mission lay largely among the dumb and the desolate; one branch of it that Mr. Pearse was closely associated with, and that seemed designed especially for these, was St. Luke's House, the home for the dying. If there was little room to *live* in those crowded houses, there was less room to *die*.

' I have no words nor heart,' Dr. Howard Barrett had written in 1891, ' to speak of the misery in the dying faces that haunt me, the pathos of their inarticulate pleading, or the apathy of despair that is past complaint.' But it was inevitably a costly and difficult undertaking, and it took two years to raise funds for the comfortable and well-appointed home that was opened. Everything that human love and care could do was done at St. Luke's House—and it still continues its blessed ministry—for that large class of persons whom no hospital would receive, who shrink from ending their days in the parish infirmary, and who are too poor to obtain the nursing and medical attendance they need. ' Nothing could well be imagined more peaceful than these antechambers of the court of Death,' wrote a visitor. Patients were received free of cost, and attended by their own ministers of religion.

The Jewish rabbi, the Roman Catholic priest, the Anglican clergyman, and Mark Guy Pearse would cross each other's paths in ministering to their different patients. Mr. Pearse acted as chaplain for some years, and his cheery presence was very welcome. He conducted a short and very simple weekly service in the wards, and for this purpose he made and used a brief *Service for the Sick*, in which all might take part—'to serve,' he said, 'as a vehicle in which our lame and broken thoughts can be borne towards God.' To a short selection from the prayer-book he added collects and readings, and a beautiful little 'Litany of Praise.' Hope rings throughout. 'The soul is never more dear to God, and God is never more near to the soul, than when trouble knocks at the door.' He speaks of the mother and the sick child, whose only soothing is in the sound of her voice and the touch of her hand. 'Even so tender and pitiful is our God.'

He had his own way of comforting sorrowful hearts. Sometimes the patients were too weak to say anything, too faint to hear any words.

'What do you say to such?' asked Dr. Jowett, with whom he was once talking.

'Oh, sometimes I say nothing,' was the reply. 'I just draw a little sketch for them to look at day by day.'

'What sort of a sketch?' Jowett asked.

Mr. Pearse took a half-sheet of notepaper, and drew on it with pencil and moistened finger a little seascape,

representing two shores and a gull flying between. At the bottom of the card he wrote 'Homeward Bound.' 'Something of that sort,' he said, as he handed it to Dr. Jowett, who kept it on his own mantelpiece until he himself 'went home.'

Another instance of his way of comforting sorrowful hearts is told by Sister Lily.

'Once he came with me to see some of our members, who had lost their only little child, and were distracted with grief. For a few moments we sat in perfect silence; then very softly he said, "He who long ago spoke these words is with us to-day, and He says to *you*, 'Suffer the little one to come *unto me*'"; and as he spoke Christ broke into the sorrow, and the bitterness was gone.'

The normal conditions of the poor in overcrowded West London was *one room, one family*. 'Of the mothers in our meetings,' writes a Sister in 1894, 'most live in one room; a few *luxuriate* in two or even three rooms.' 'Home life is impossible,' Mr. Pearse once said. 'At that most dangerous age when the boys and girls begin to earn wages and resent control, it is one room still. No opportunity of quiet or recreation or social intercourse. More often it is, "Clear out; no room for you here," while, outside, the very vestibule of hell—as Mr. Hughes put it—lies in wait for them. For these we have boys' clubs and girls' clubs open every night in the week, and country holidays in summer to give them a new world of memories to live

in.' Then, in a letter, he tells a story of what a transformation had occurred—even in the one room—as a result of a child being sent away for a holiday by the Sisters.

'A man and woman lived in a wretched court, themselves drunken, in a miserable room. They had one little girl, Mary, who was sent down into the country. They missed her very much, and resolved that they would go down into the country to see her. There was a great stretch of sky and the green fields ; and in the centre of it was the cottage covered with flowers, and there was Mary, her face and dress all in keeping with the beauty of the place. The couple came home and said little for awhile. Then the father broke the silence. "We must try to make it all so that she will miss as little as she can." The woman was surprised to hear the husband say it, though she had thought of nothing else. "We must that," was her reply. Then they set to work to scrub and clean the place. Then they scrubbed and cleaned themselves. A little white coverlet was bought for the ragged bed ; a bit of carpet was found for the hearth ; and on the day of little Mary's homecoming a bright fuchsia was set on the table. They had seen a vision in the country that brought new purposes, new desires, the beginning of new life.'

The loneliness and the lack of public opinion were realized to be among the great evils of London. To combat this, 'We turn our three halls one night a week

into the People's Drawing-room. A carpet is laid on the floor ; the piano is wheeled into the centre ; tables are placed up and down the room on which draughts, tiddley-winks, magazines, and games are arranged. For a couple of hours every one is *at home* ! ' He goes on to describe how the Sisters are busy welcoming and introducing, and setting every one at ease ; listening to troubles that are lightened already in the telling ; starting games for the high-spirited ; finding a quiet corner and a pleasant companion for some one who is shy. In the meantime, at a long, white-spread table with steaming urns, a brisk trade in jam-tarts, buns, and coffee is carried on. Happy evenings—not merely for the change and space and amusement ; still more for that sense of fellowship, of life lived side by side, that all dimly felt and took away with them—that seemed a step towards the great brotherhood when joy and beauty and a complete life will be possible and free to every one.

In America, Mark Guy Pearse was spoken of as ' one of the greatest Socialists of the day. He is aiming at an overturning of society, but in such a way that only good can come from it. One of his ideas is that the church is a useless pile of brick or stone or wood when its doors are closed six days out of the week. " A church so closed is the greatest waste I know. The higher in the scale of life, the more capacity for rottenness. A stick may be rotten, but not to the offensive extent that an egg may become rotten, and so on up

the scale, and religion may be the rottenest of all." '

These words are reported in an American newspaper in 1902 ; and one realizes that a certain change had come over his attitude to the Christian life. Fifteen years in the West London Mission had had a profound effect on his mind. The quest of personal goodness which he had formerly taught looked almost like selfishness. He carried about with him a mental picture of the great city, its needs and its homelessness, and spent his strength trying to awaken men's minds to a realization of the modern world. ' The welfare of the world lies in the welfare of the common people,' he wrote in a discourse on ' The common people heard Him gladly ' (*Jesus Christ and the People*). He goes on to say, in one of those vivid and luminous comparisons so characteristic of him, ' There was an interesting article some little time since in one of the magazines on " Mountain Stumps," in which the writer described the Dartmoor tors as the worn-down stumps of an ancient mountain range once rivalling the Alps—how that through the long ages a thousand subtle and silent influences had been at work grinding down these heights and spreading them into the cornfields and pastures of Devon. In social life there are similar forces at work, bringing down the mighty and scattering the privileges of the exalted for the welfare of the common people—not by red-handed revolution and the fury of the Communist, but here too by forces subtle, silent—*yet irresistible*. The future of the world belongs

to the common people. The religion of the future is the religion which has most room for common people, and that is the religion of Jesus Christ.'

This is the burden of his later teaching. Away with privilege in this world and the next. Personal service is put above personal salvation. 'Christ's idea of Christianity is that it will be *a power in you* by which the world will be saved.' 'I am more afraid of unsocial Christians than of Christian Socialists.' The very texts that he chose to speak from show the trend of his mind: 'this man receiveth sinners and eateth with them'; 'this poor widow'; 'the Son of Man came eating and drinking.'

A letter was written to him on the day of his death to tell him that a sermon of his on this last text, preached many years ago in Montreal and reported at some length in the daily papers, had been kept in the writer's possession ever since as a newspaper clipping, and had been lent to over a hundred men, many of whom had given it back with shining eyes, declaring it the best thing they had ever read.

That sermon never seems to have been published. The little clipping, brown and torn with being passed from hand to hand, is still cherished. A few sentences from it seem to recall the preacher's very voice and look:

'Have you ever thought to yourself that Christ was the only great ruler who mixed with the people? Moses did not mix with the people. Elijah did not mix

with the people. John the Baptist, as I have said, did not mix with the people. But Jesus! Was He not known to all? Everybody in Nazareth knew Jesus, the carpenter. The little boys used to gather round his little shop and watch him busy with hammer and adze, and listen to his kindly words, and go home to their mothers with a wonderful feeling of peace and joy and love in their little hearts. It seems to me that the outcast woman who threw herself at the feet of Jesus could never bring herself to unburden her heart to Moses, always dim and distant and mysterious.

'Some years ago, down in Cornwall, I was sitting in a body's house, when suddenly a knock was heard. The good body got up and went to the door, and I heard her cheerily say, "Yes, come in, Mrs. Jenkins; there's nobody here but Mr. Pearse, an' he's nobody." That made my heart feel good. It made me feel that there was no dividing-line between the preacher and the laity. I felt prouder than if I had been made a D.D.

'Most of you have heard me talk about my work in the slums of London. It makes my heart bleed when I contrast your fine streets with the streets of East London—streets sodden, yes, sodden with liquor. We had such a hard time getting together the girls from those wretched tenements. But good Mrs. B—— did so at last, and did so much to make those poor creatures' lives cheerful and useful. And one day, when I asked her the miracle of it all, she said, "Mr. Pearse, whenever you get them to eat and drink with

you you come closest to their hearts." Yes, that's the secret. " The Son of Man came eating and drinking," and He reached the innermost recesses of the human heart.

' I hear people pray for the Pentecostal hour, and the hope that He will pour out His Holy Spirit. Stop ! Brotherhood, companionship—note the meaning of that word " *cum* " with " *panis*," bread—he who breaks bread with another. " *The Son of Man came eating and drinking*." '

A few words may be added here as to the social activities of Mr. Pearse's two sons, which had his warmest sympathy and support. The work of both lay amongst boys. The elder lived many years in Canning Town, and was asked sometimes about the Settlement work there, ' Where does Jesus Christ come in ? ' He replied, ' We live *there* because we love Him. There was no silly talk about self-sacrifice. He and his boys were serving God, and if they were serving God, where could the sacrifice come in ? The spirit of the Club was against all that was base ; it was not he who said, " You must not do that " ; it was the *boys* themselves.' The Rev. Leonard Robjohns, who had persuaded him to tell his congregation in the Australian Bush something of his work, adds, ' We shall always remember Guy Pearse's closing words. He said, " I am not telling you these things because I want you to remember them. We are simply one or two of many thousands who are serving God in many

ways all over the world." I believe,' says Mr. Robjohns, ' there were few present who did not resolve to give a life of more perfect service to Him who gave Himself for us ! '

The younger son, Warwick Guy, was working in the slums of West London for a considerable time before he took Orders. His boys were drawn from a lower and more criminal class. Many stories might be told. His summer camp of one hundred boys a week for five or six weeks, marked a turning-point in many a lad's life. ' My young brother's not bin away more'n arf a day for five years. Can't you squeeze him in, sir ? ' was typical of an oft-repeated request. The lads from the Training Ships and Naval Establishments, some with distant homes, and some with none, appealed especially to him. Jack ashore is proverbially an easy prey. Many a lad was saved and his feet set on a sure path, and many more, year by year, and to this day, look up to him and count him their best friend.

'A good catch'

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FISHING ON LOCH NESS

Ho! Ho!—Ho! Ho!
The North wind doth blow
As the fishermen go
In the teeth of the gale,
Now a smother of snow!
Now a rattle of hail!
With a dash and a roar
The waves break on the shore.
The frost nips your nose;
It freezes your toes;
It utterly numbs
Your fingers and thumbs.

. . . .

'*There he is, Sir*!'
A tug and a whirr—
A plunge and a leap
Six feet in the air.
A tight line you keep—
He's making a fight,
A burst and a run
'*Now, sir, he's about done.*
Twenty pounds if he's one.'
Sammy gaffs him all right.
There he lies,
Such a prize!

Chapter X

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Two life-long hobbies afforded a happy relaxation from Mark Guy Pearse's more serious thought and work. One of them was sketching, and the other fly-fishing. His holidays were mostly spent in luring the trout. At home, the daily round was enlivened by his doing little pictures in pencil, or pen and ink helped out with finger-prints, after his own method, in illustrating letters and envelopes and postcards. Long before the picture postcard came into vogue Mr. Pearse's held the attention of postmasters and postmistresses. Often the pictures represented the sender or the recipient in some comic situation, with a joke written underneath. An early letter, written from Didsbury College to Miss Hingston, contains seven illustrations—in part likenesses (which were said to be excellent, though none too respectful) of his pastors and masters.

'Didsbury College,
'Nr. Manchester.
'1.10.62.

'My Darling Annie,—I am quite sure you won't be frightened when I tell you how I look'd when I heard

that you were going to Sherborne—to go to school too and to take care of dear Grandpapa. How blest Grandpapa must be! Why, I think I'd give anything to have you here to take care of *me*. I have nobody at all coming in to see me excepting an old man who brings the coals and sticks for me to light my fire with, and the old woman who comes once a week to clean up my room. Nobody at all who loves me comes in now and then to see me, and the only people who do come are sometimes one of the other students, or some old preacher comes pushing in to ask me to go and preach for him. Some such old gentleman as this I have drawn here. These are all, except now

and then a poor old beggar may come outside my windows, and he only likes me for what I give him. Then there is a little black hopping creature that sometimes comes to me and

likes me for what he steals. But of course he is only an occasional companion. Then there is old Dr. Hannah, who sits and lectures to us every morning. He sometimes comes in. And sometimes the "Guv," as he is called, though his

wife calls him Mr. Bowers. He sits at table when we have breakfast or dinner, and sees that we don't eat too much.

Now, Grandpapa has got a great many people to love him; everybody loves him; but I have no one. What must I do?

'Give my love to all the Sherborne people, dear Aunty Bessie, Janie and Gracy, to Uncle Edward and Alfred, with a great kiss and ever so much love to my darling Annie.

'Annie's loving

'Uncle Di.

'Of course, before anybody else you must give my love to Gran'pa and take very great care of him. Goodbye.'

Another old friend of his, who is now over seventy, writes that some of his letters received by her when a child fell to pieces through being constantly carried about. But in one of them was a little poem addressed to her, learnt by heart long ago and never forgotten; a reminiscence, she says, of the time 'when we both fished together in the pond in our garden, when I was

a child of eleven : it came in an illustrated envelope containing fish-hooks ' :

My gentle little Minnie,
  Here is the promised hook.
Be off and catch a finny
  Inmate of the brook.

Go take your perch, but do not poach!
  And bait with tempting dough,
And when you feel you've got a roach,
  Why, do not let him go.

Be sure you do not take a jack
  Or I shall jealous be,
And do not let a Jack take *you*
  Away from M.G.P.

Memories are even better than letters or poems. His own children can never forget the original games he played : the dramatization of certain parables, for instance—a novel kind of Scripture teaching. There was the man who was in bed with his children, when a neighbour came knocking at the door to borrow a loaf. What a hullaballoo the two eldest made on the door, while the three younger children, clasped in his arms in the great rocking-chair, snored and rocked and snored and rocked, as the demands became more and more peremptory.

' His gifts as an artist gave pleasure in many homes where he was a guest,' says Dr. Rattenbury, who first met Mr. Pearse at a house where he was staying. ' The guests were assembled, but there was no

Mr. Pearse. After some search, he was found in another room among a group of boys and girls. On the table were cards and sheets of notepaper. He was making big blots on them with his pen. Then, with the stump of the pen-holder and *his thumb*, he turned the blots, by some magical process, into seascapes—bits of the Cornish coast, and sea and cliffs, and always birds, to the great entertainment of boys and girls and the young minister. We all tried our hands at similar work, but—— If that hostess had not insisted that the meat was getting cold, I might have become an artist. Who knows? I do not forget the meal. My duty was to carve pheasants, and I bungled it. Mr. Pearse never liked bunglers, and said, "Let us change places. I was a medical student before I went to Didsbury." Then he carved the birds with a master hand, and said "Every minister ought to have a training in *surgery*." '

A recent letter from Mr. H. Pethybridge said, 'When I was at school at Launceston I went to dinner at his house when you were all small children. I have still the little cherubs he drew on the hymn-list, when I was going to play the organ at one of his services.' It was at Launceston[1] that on the first page of Mrs. Pethybridge's visitors' book he drew a portrait entitled 'Mine Hostess of the Inn,' and at the top of the next page 'A list of the Sinners who stayed with the Publican.' It was a very hospitable house, and no

[1] The writer is much indebted to Mr. Edward Pethybridge of Launceston for stories and reminiscences.

doubt a long list of sinners signed their names below. He arrived there himself once from London, and the kind hostess hurried to meet him, with, 'What will you take after your long journey?' 'Well, Aunt Emma, nothing suits me *better* than a little brandy.' 'You shall have it,' she said, generously concealing the surprise she felt at this request from a teetotaller, and was bustling away when—'Stay a minute,' he said; 'NOTHING suits me better than a little brandy!'

Once at Yeolmbridge, a country place near there, he gave away his greatcoat to a shivering old man called Kerslake, who came into Launceston market the following Saturday, and whispered confidentially that there was something left in the pocket (this was in the days when Christianity and tobacco were not supposed to go well in double harness). ''Twere a pipe, measter,' said the old man. 'Do you smoke?' asked Mr. Pearse. 'Ess, 'pon a time!' 'Then take it, and thank the Lord for it!'

He liked to tell of an old man at Bude who used to pray on wet Sundays, 'Lord, bless the sick. Bless 'em, Lord! They'm in bed to-day. But they'll be in *Bideford Market* on Tuesday!' There was another—a rather blundering old farmer named Syd Libby—who sent his eggs by train, when trains began, and wrote on *each* side of the square box, '*This side up, with care.*'

'I will tell you a story about Mr. Pearse,' wrote a friend. 'I was walking with an old bachelor in Launceston on market-day when Mr. Pearse met us.

" Well, Mr. Bate [the bachelor], do you know what I have done to-day ? " he said. " No ? " said Mr. Bate. " Well, I have been thinking that I would count my mercies, and I began with *one*, and I couldn't get any farther because it was so much." " Ah ! " said Mr. Bate. " What was that ? " "*My wife*," said Mr. Pearse, and hurried off, leaving the bachelor to think it over.'

It was when he was on a fishing holiday in North Cornwall that he once sent a farm boy with a present of trout to his father, who was travelling down by the North Cornwall Coach, which would pull up at a certain inn. The boy was furnished with a sketch with which to identify the rightful owner, and, as the coach drew up, he called out to the guard for ' a genelman named Pearse.' A young man sitting outside looked over and said, ' Yes, my name is Pearse.' ' Aw, you ole *liard* ! ' shouted the boy, referring to the sketch in his hand ; and then, as Mr. Mark Guy Pearse, senior, looked out from inside the coach, ' 'Ere, Mes' Pearse,' he cried, ' that there genelman on top wanted to steal your fish ! '

During his pastorate at Bristol, Mr. Pearse spent many holidays fishing in Cornwall, joyfully donning his ' worldly attire,' as he called it—an old grey flannel suit, red tie, and cap. ' Now I am off for the day,' he wrote to his wife from Cleeve in April 1886. ' It is 9.15. I have my pipe, my rod, my manuscript of Psalm ciii.—the next chapter—and I am going down

in the glorious valley under Stowe, with Charles Kingsley's scenery and romance all about me. I shall eat my dinner under the cliffs, looking out across the Atlantic, and listening to the thunder of the breakers; the scene that *intoxicates* me. It is lovely from here; the long line of coast right away to Tintagel and the bare heights of Row Tor or Brown Willy away in the distance, suggesting dear Father and a thousand family associations. If I don't pick up some inspiration to-day, and some trout, and some fresh air, it won't be for want of expecting it all.'

A letter from Camborne about the same time reveals a different side of his nature. 'I had tea at Captain Josiah's. At night Champness preached a very solemn and searching sermon. One woman screeched out at the very top of her voice, and went on screeching. I never heard such a dreadful noise. And, whilst I fell in with Champness as far as I could, I felt how utterly unfitted I was to take part in Cornish revivals.'

Mark Guy Pearse had, indeed, for all his dramatic powers, a certain quietistic trend. It is noticeable in much of his writing, especially the devotional books. His methods in London were, as has been said, the very antithesis of sensational. He had a shrinking from popular excitement, and from opposition. Though he had strong Liberal convictions, he rarely spoke of politics, and never took part in political or party discussion. This was not from lack of interest. He had the warmest admiration for Mr. Gladstone. A

story showing his quickness in repartee is given by Mr. Pethybridge. He was telling Mr. Pearse of a man who was fishing in spring-time and was annoyed by the persistent calling of the cuckoo. 'Never mind, John,' said his companion, who was a strong Conservative. 'It's only a miserable Radical bird that lays its eggs in other birds' nests!' 'I shouldn't have said that,' rejoined Mr. Pearse instantly. 'I should have said, It's only an old *Tory* saying the same thing over and over again!'

He did, however, make one excursion into politics. It was concerned with the candidature of a wealthy Conservative who was also a Methodist—an unheard-of thing at that time—for a certain Cornish division. It made a great stir in Cornwall, and is said to have laughed the would-be member out of the county. It was written anonymously, and appeared in the *Western Daily Mercury* nearly fifty years ago. He called it 'The Two-headed Calf.' It is too long to quote in full here, but we might give some idea of its rollicking humour and aptness.

It begins by telling of a conversation amongst some miners 'down underground t'other day. Uncle Henny was terrible put out to think of a Methody chap wanting for us Church folks and Tories to send en into Parlyment. "A *Methody*—and a *Tory*, drat en, ugh, ugh," says he, grunting like a girt pig. "Vote for en! No. I'd sooner hang myself," says ould Uncle Henny.

'Uncle Henny drawed away at his pipe for a brave

bit, then he bust out laughing all over. "Tell 'ee what 'tis, cumrades, whenever I do think about it—a Methody and a Tory!—it do come into my mind about mother's two-headed calf. Ere! Mother bought a cow once in to fair, and cow haved a calf. Well, my dear, that calf were the ghastliest-looking thing that ever anybody set eyes upon—he was a two-headed calf. 'Tis true, cumrades, as I'm here.

'"Well, we put en up for to suck the cow, but the ould cow couldn't make it out for the life of her—there was one head in under sucking away, she could tell that plain enough, but there was the other head looking up so mild and innocent, like as if he wouldn't touch a drop for worlds. Well, my dear, the ould cow was that uneasy that after a bit she couldn't stand it no longer, and she up with her leg and fetched the two-headed calf a kick that knocked his wind out, and she never would let him come nigh her again.

'"Well, Mother, she brings en in and wraps en up in a flannel petticoat and lays en down afore the fire 'Lev us gone to give the poor dear some milk,' she says, and she sends Martha Ann running to the vicarage for a feeding-bottle. 'Mother,' says boy Zekiel, standing there, 'You do want *two*. One isn't no good 't all,' and he run to the Brianites to ask for another bottle.

'"Back came Martha Ann with a bottle with some white stuff in. 'Twon't hurt en,' says Martha Ann. 'Passon do say 'tis good for the wind.' In comes boy

Zekiel, and his bottle had some white trade in it too. ' 'Twon't hurt en,' says boy Zekiel; ' praicher do drink it hisself in hot weather!' Well, over goes Mother and pours a passle of warm milk in each of the bottles and put it down for the two-headed calf, and directly there was each mouth going on suck-sucking so hard as he could, for he was cruel hungry.

' " ' The dear of en,' says Mother, most a-crying, ' quite naytchral, the dear of en!' ' Iss,' says Martha Ann, ' but he's fine, and ugly too. . . .' But after five minutes suck-sucking—aw, my dear life, up jumps the calf. Tail of en out so stiff as a poker; legs of en stickin' out like postesses; the two ghastly heads of en stretched straight out and the perspiration rolling off en in streams. Then he was took with the awfullest hiccups. . . .

' " ' He's mazed,' says Mother. ' Aw, 'tis the Devil,' says boy Zekiel. ' Send for vicar, do'ee, Mother.' The neighbours all come running, and presently in comes the vicar. ' What was in the bottle couldn't hurt en,' says he. ' Nothing but a nounce of carbonate of soda,' says he.

' " ' Aw,' says the Brianite preacher, ' and mine had a nounce of tartaric acid.'

' The two-headed calf never got over it, and when we buried en, mother says, says mother, " Serve en right," says mother, " He've a gone a mixing up Church and Dissent, and it haven't agreed with en," says mother.'

He met his Cornish friends all over the world. Once, in Canada, he had been driven to a lonely lake and left there for a day's fishing. He had risen a fish and missed it, and made an ejaculation in broad Cornish. Suddenly there was a gruff—almost an angry—voice behind him. 'What did you say, sir?'

'Surely,' he said, 'it was nothing to offend?'

'You are Cornish, are you not?'

'Yes! But what of that?'

The tone of the speaker, a rough elderly man, altered.

'Oh, sir, could you come and see my wife? We don't live far off, and my waggon is close here. I'll drive you to my place and back again to your fishing. My old woman is Cornish, and she hasn't heard a Cornish voice for twenty years!'

Needless to say, he went with the old farmer, bumping over the uneven forest road to his shack, sat down by the wife, who was deaf, and talked into her trumpet with that broad dialect he could so perfectly assume, while the tears streamed down her cheeks.

One would like to have heard that conversation. Was it anything like a letter he received in 1912 from a fellow Cornishman, which began:

> 'Dear Mr. Pearse,—Iss, my dear, I'm a mazegerry pattick to stay up here in Lunnon Church town when there's a bit of fishing to be had down to Porthgwarra. Thee'st never behold suchy cheeldvean, tarving and tearing so hard as stomps. And

thee! clunking saffern cake and gulging scald milk so cold as a quilkin,[1] out of a cloam bussa pot. Aw shaam on thee!'

Later on he used to take his holidays in Scotland; but one more word-picture of the exquisite spring-time in Cornwall we cannot omit. 'Yesterday I went alone down the valley of the Tamar, with a rod and a sermon, just like the apostles of old. It was a delicious day—the fish sporting everywhere but too frolicsome to mean business; jumping *at* the fly and over it. The swifts screaming with delight, and skimming the water as they chased each other; the cuckoo calling from the woods; the thrush and the blackbird in richest and fullest song. Not a house or man or woman anywhere. The primroses were thick in the hedges, and the furze was just tipped with gold. Tell little Marian [his youngest] that I caught six little trout, and I took them tenderly off the hook and told them I should put them back again for little Marian's sake, and they wagged their tails and hoped some day to have the honour of being eaten by so sweet a being!'

It was on a Scotch loch, fishing in his 'worldly gear,' that he was greeted by a grave-looking divine. '"Pray, sir, are ye not the Reverend Mark Guy Pearse?" "I am," I said, with all the cheeriness that a holiday puts into a tired Londoner. "Ye are na what I pictured ye when I read your buiks," said he.

[1] Cornish for toad.

'"I am very sorry," I stammered.

'"Ah, but when I read your books I pictured ye as long and theen and sanctimonious-looking!"'

He had a different experience when preaching in Glasgow; this time, of course, in clerical dress.

'I went into a place in Glasgow, and the man greeted me with a profound bow. "Not one of the Glasgow clergy, sir, I think?" "No," said I, "I come from London." "Yes," said he, "I was sure of it. The Archbishop of Westminster!" "No," I said —and his disappointment was great.'

He told great tales of his fishing adventures in Scotland; they would fill a volume. For the most part it was trout-fishing. 'Fishing with Bainbridge in Skye was the crown,' he writes. 'He had put up a shanty on the lake, and there, with a couple of gillies, we lived, putting thick layers of the *Scotsman* over the windows to make it dark enough to sleep. Our beds were on the floor. We averaged 100 trout apiece a day; we put back all under two pounds, as we were away on the moors far from any crofter and could not send them away.'

But he gloried more than all in salmon-fishing. In Scotland there was no trout or salmon licence, and at one time he used to get a holiday there almost every spring. In 1907 he wrote home: 'Don't be frightened when a great big salmon of twenty-four pounds comes walking in on Tuesday morning. I caught him to-day, and did want you to see him in his glory. The scars

are *seal bites* of former days. . . . Set him out on the table and look at his depth : then at the great hooked jaw—that is for fighting ! It took about twenty-five minutes to land him. Well, " a tight line to you," as Jamie the gillie says, when he takes his wee drappie o' whuskey.'

Weather mattered little ; he loved the rigour of the game. He was over seventy when he wrote, ' I laughed yesterday more than once at the thought of your seeing us. What would you have said ? And we called it pleasure ! It was an awful day of bitter cold and wild snowstorms. Four or five inches of snow in the boat, and a wind that drove the flakes into your eyes and tickled your nose and almost blinded you. It lay thick on cap and wrap. A nice dry snow would not have mattered, but it half melted, and then changed its mind and froze into a coat of mail. I had a series of coats and wraps, but nothing could keep out the damp cold—my hands were mottled blue and red. We got a salmon of some nine pounds. We got back sopping : drenched. Coats and capes were soaked. I flung off these things and away to a hot bath, and *was none the worse.*'

The following year he scored his last and greatest triumph.

' How shall I begin to tell you of my glory ! The village rings with the fame of it. Jamie and I were drifting before an east wind. I fish with three rods, one on each side of the boat and a short thick one in

the middle. Suddenly the middle reel rang out the signal of a fish, and I took the rod and let the fish run. Then began an awful fight, the monster very scientific, never wasting an ounce of his strength by a leap or a plunge, but boring down, down in the depths. When I could wind in I felt I had something tremendous, and then down he rushed again—I taking every advantage he gave and he steadily bending the little rod until I feared it would snap. I was on my knees, an attitude I always take so as to get well round the stern. My knees ached and my arms too ; my thumbs are still conscious of the winding and the strain. Nearly an hour the fight lasted, and then he came on top of the water and we saw his great length. A dash with the gaff, and then, with both hands and all his might, Jamie lifted the great fish into the boat. He is the biggest ever brought into the hotel ; the record hitherto was thirty-one pounds. My fish was thirty-seven pounds—length forty-six inches. . . . It is to be blazed abroad in the papers.'

Earlier, he used sometimes to fish and sketch in Wales ; once he left his camel-hair paint-brush at home, and told how, on going to buy one, the village shopkeeper at Dolwedelen offered him a big hair-brush, assuring him it was made of 'the very best camel's hair that there is, indeed, indeed ! ' At Bettws-y-Coed he and his son used to drive off in the dark to the Beaver Pool to fish for sewin : very weird they found it, standing up in waders in the middle of the water,

and flinging out into darkness somewhere, with 'David' at hand to warn them of holes and soft places in the pool.

At Milford Haven the Rev. S. Shrimpton went fishing with him; the trout were not rising very well, and Mr. Shrimpton recalls reading aloud for him some proofs of sermons that had just arrived—one written for the *Preacher's Magazine*, which at that time he was editing with the Rev. A. E. Gregory. At mid-day they called at a neat cottage for ham and eggs, and, when they had finished their repast, Mr. Pearse asked the good woman, 'Would you care for a little book if I sent you one?' 'If it won't hurt my religion!' she said simply. 'No,' said he, 'I don't think it will do that. By the by, I see you have Mr. Spurgeon's likeness there!' 'Yes, sir, indeed,' said she. 'He's the great preacher in the Tabernacle in London. Do you know him, sir?' 'Well, he makes me promise two Sundays every year in his Tabernacle!' 'Does he, sir?' Her eyes glistened with pleasure; if they had not already paid their account she would have refused anything for the honour of having entertained two friends of her great preacher.

Towards the end of his life, Mark Guy Pearse turned to Cornwall again, and used to go down every year. Fishing days were over, but many joys remained. He went on writing Cornish stories, writing and telling and hearing them. Sometimes they were sent to him. 'Dear old Joe Smitham's last message I am not likely

to forget,' wrote Canon Sims Carah. 'Father had gone down to see him. The old man said, "I heared a lil' story the other day. Tell Mis' Carah, dear. A booy went to a mitten and got converted, and the men where he worked thot they was gorn to teaze him a bit. So they said, 'Well, do'ee ever feel the Rock sha-ake under 'ee?' 'No,' spoke up the booy, 'but I do feel *myself shaaken 'pon* the Rock.'"'

His memory never even began to fail, and he revelled in certain days long past to the end of his life. 'It is strange,' he once wrote, 'how some days rise up out of one's life like the Alps, and the others sink down into an undulating country.' He had himself in wonderful measure what he spoke of as

> The eye anointed and the heart attuned
> To see in all things bright and beautiful
> The beauty of the Lord.

He was a lover of beauty, and also a lover of natural life in all its forms. In those long, solitary days, by the Cornish sea or by Scottish burn or loch, he observed and remembered, and his mind was stored with curious examples and illustrations when he came to read in his study at home. This knowledge of his was much drawn upon in his later articles, and above all in his conversation. He could talk for ever about birds. Here is a bit he wrote three years ago in an article called 'The Gamekeeper,' in the *Methodist Recorder.*

'"Now, look at the solemn old owl," said I; "he can preach."

'"I thought he could only hoot," laughed the gamekeeper.

'"Well, whatever he can say, he is of all birds the quietest. Other birds make a noise with their wings when they rise. But look at the feathers of the owl. They are all as soft as down, so that he flies without disturbing his prey—a ghostly sort of night-bird is he. And his ears are marvels of mechanism. The bone of the ear on one side of his head turns upwards, and the ear on the other side turns downward, so that he can catch the faintest sounds above or below. And his eyes," I said, "they are as wonderful as his ears. All other birds have their eyes at the side of the head, so that they can see behind as well as before. But the great eyes of the owl are in front, away in that saucer-like shape that surrounds them, so as to catch every scattered ray of light. And then, because he cannot see behind him, he can turn his head completely round. Any other bird would break its neck trying to do so."'

His facts about cormorants and puffins, crows and rooks, ravens and shags and gulls, were legion. He would sometimes try to persuade his hostesses to experiment in strange dishes; leaky pie, kettle broth, and squab pie were warmly recommended. He would quote the banquet in the hall of Alef, King of Gweel, for a precedent. 'Savoury was the smell of fried pilchards and hake; more savoury still that of roast

porpoise ; most savoury of all that of fifty huge squab pies, built up of layers of apples, bacon, onions, and mutton, and at the bottom of each a squab, or young cormorant.'

Though he was no linguist, and never really spoke or wrote any language but his own, he had that love of words—of their genesis and romantic history—that perhaps belongs especially to the Celt. He delighted to expound a word, for instance, like *gossamer*—literally 'God's summer'—said to be from the legend that these cobwebby threads fell away from the Virgin Mary's winding-sheet as she ascended to heaven. Or *treacle*, a very compound word that meant antidote to venomous bites, and which was used in this sense in an early version of the Bible—'Jesus Christ, the Treacle of our sins.'

The old Cornish language was an inexhaustible mine. His copy of Bannister's *Glossary of Cornish Names* was worn to rags with constant reference, and he delighted to track local names and expressions to their actual source.

'Some years ago,' he wrote in 1922, 'I was fishing below Port Isaac, and I asked the boatman the name of a big rock we were passing.

"Us do call 'en Many-mothers."

'"Many-mothers!" I said. "Why, it is good old Cornish. Your great-grandfather could have told you what it meant. I think I know what happened there. A ship was wrecked, and the sailors climbed up the side of it and were saved."

' " That's really what they do say. How do you know that ? "

' " Why, it is *maen-y-morun*, the rock of the sailor." '

And it had become ' Many-mothers.'

Many other names are equally corrupted. There is the familiar *Penny-come-quick*. What on earth does that name mean ? But put it into Cornish and you have the place before you—*pen y cum qwic*—the head of the creek valley.

' Who can find any meaning in the name *Merry Maidens* ? But the Cornish gives you the scene—*mean meyn*, the great stones. There is a place called *One and All*, which we might think had been stolen from our Cornish motto. It is simply *gwon an hal*, the field of the moor.'

He was delighted to hear while at Newlyn that, in the schools in the Camborne area, the children were being taught local history at the wish of the County Committee on Education. He had a hundred cards printed in gold lettering, with the old Cornish motto, ' MEOR RAS MA DEW ' (*Great thanks to God*), and gave them away : they hang framed in many schools and private houses. At St. Ives one hangs alongside of his photograph in the fishermen's shelter on the beach called the ' Shamrock,' of which he was made an honorary member after a talk he once gave to thirty or forty of them. He found with pleasure that the men there still counted their fish in the old Cornish numerals : they did so twenty years ago. He sometimes lamented the old

vanishing Cornwall: the beauty of sailing-ships, the romance of the coach that linked us with 'up in England'; the prosperous days when the toast of the Delectable Duchy was 'Fish, tin, and copper.' He liked, too, to recall the old superstitions and charms: to tell true—or at least *well-authenticated*—stories of warts being charmed away; of the charm for curing a stye on the eye by stroking it nine times with the tail of a black cat; of the cure of fits by passing the sufferer three times through a round hole in a great stone away over the moors, 'on a night when it wasn't new moon nor yet full moon, but 'zackly between the two.' He loved to linger over such things, though was not given to vain regrets. His friend Canon Hay Aitken wrote to him in 1926, 'We don't get to-day the type of men which our memory loves to recall in days gone by, and we seem to be living in more prosaic days; and yet possibly our modern *ethos* is somewhat higher than in the days when smuggling and piety seemed to go hand in hand. The men who used to shout "Amen" and "Hallelujah," to the no small disconcerting of astonished mission preachers, have passed away, and with them much of the aggressive force of evangelizing fervour which made them demonstrative; but there is a vast amount of quiet practical goodness in the world and a great extension of philanthropic activity.'

Mark Guy Pearse himself puts this rather more forcibly in one of his stories, making a contrast between Cornwall as it is to-day and at the time when the

miners would gather, the men of one parish on one side of the street, the men of the adjoining parish on the other side; parish against parish, district against district. A miner on one side would fling his hat in the middle of the street. The challenge was taken by a miner on the other side, and the fight would begin and there might be as many as twenty fights going on at one time.

'"Well, Mr. Polwhele," he said, many years ago, to an old gentleman of eighty who could look back on such scenes, "Is the world better or worse than when you were young?"

'The old man lifted himself in his chair and said, "Give me my stick." I wondered what he wanted his stick for, but I found later it was that he might lay the more stress and emphasis on what he was going to say.

'"Sir," said he, with an old-fashioned courtesy, "I do not say that the place since I knew it as a boy is Christianized, but it is *humanized*, sir, it is *humanized*."'

WHATE'ER betide,
Be Thou my Friend and Guide :
I cannot stray
With Thee to show the way :
My hand in Thine
And Thy dear hand in mine,
Whatever come,
Shall surely lead me home :
What can I more
Than love Thee and adore
Through all my days
Be mine all trust and praise.

Chapter XI

VISITS TO THE COLONIES AND UNITED STATES

Mark Guy Pearse's first long journey was to Canada in 1887. The travelling itself was to him a delight—not only the variety and interest of land and sea, but the experience of men. It gave full play to his many-sided relationship with his fellows. 'To a child,' said one who as a child first loved him, 'he was a child; to a fisherman, a fisherman; to an artist, an artist. He was a genius in the art of *companionship*. He had charming ways of showing those little courtesies and considerations which encourage self-esteem and self-confidence, and establish equality between the elder and the younger.'

This does not mean that he met all the world quite so intimately; he had 'his own.' He liked to escape anything—or any one—formal or official. He once said, 'If I had put on the parson I might have been President of the Conference or a Doctor of Divinity. Thank God I am neither.' At a railway station, when ministers assembled for a ceremonious farewell, he would sometimes be sought for, and found, at the end of the platform, entertaining a ring of porters. He enjoyed the freedom of life on board ship, and was delighted with

the frank heartiness and simplicity of Colonial manners and customs.

Here is a picture of him on one of his voyages; written long ago, the signature is lost.

'We have with us the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse. He is a jolly, round-faced, oldish "Boy," with such a stock of goodness. Thoroughly English, which at first inclined Scotch me to keep off a bit. But such a heart. He *spends* himself on others. He is a living exponent of his own words to me, "I am the more convinced the longer I live that love is the only orthodoxy, and selfishness the only heterodoxy." Right dear man. I utterly agree with you. What a gulf is fixed between his life and the idiocy of self-pleasing of many lives. He bought two hundred oranges at Grand Canary to distribute broadcast. Cigars also he bought to give away. He is ever making sketches in ink to hand about or to ornament some book. He goes amongst the people in the steerage talking kindly to every one. He has been foremost in promoting games for the delectation of idlers. God bless the man. He is a *man*. The true ring of manhood is about him.'

The first journey to Canada has a special interest. His impressions were fresh and vivid, and, as he went alone, there is a record of them in long letters home, from which we give some extracts.

'A curious country,' he writes, travelling north from New York in April. 'Everything unfinished: the stumps of the trees of the primeval forest left standing

in the fields. Everything wooden and patched together. The engine carrying huge bells, which keep tolling as the people walk along the railways ; the engines have long, fan-shaped projections in front to lift any cattle or other critters comfortably off the line.' At the first Canadian station he was welcomed by Mr. Alfred Mason. ' I was feeling a bit lonely and homesick, and never grasped a hand more gladly than his.' He made his head-quarters in Mr. and Mrs. Mason's comfortable home, and to their kindness owed much of the pleasure of his visit. ' Nothing could be more pleasant and favourable than my impressions of Toronto. I met at tea yesterday three or four of the ministers, all remarkably fine men : they gave me a most hearty welcome. On Sunday I preach at the Metropolitan Church, the finest Methodist chapel in the world. There are twenty-two Methodist chapels in Toronto, and, they say, " not an eligible pew unlet." ' At Coburg, he stayed with his father's eldest sister, Aunt Margaret, ' a very handsome old lady,' who had married and gone out fifty years before, and here he met many Cornish people. ' The roads are mere tracks,' he wrote of this place, ' and the pavements are all planks of wood, with planks running up to the front doors of the houses. The horses and carts have a curious look of wildness; the absence of much harness, the high wheels of the carriages, and then, too, the long tails and long manes of the horses flying in the breeze, are very curious to me.'

In the Canada of forty years ago, whatever it may

be to-day, he found travelling rather haphazard and uncomfortable. Steamers missed trains, and trains missed steamers. On long journeys the food was impossible.

'I ordered half a chicken, and it came, but a tougher bit of mortality never turned the edge of a knife. I called the darkey and asked him :

'"Did you call that a chicken?"

'"Yes, sah," said he, trying not to grin.

'"Can you get me a brood of them?" I asked.

'"What for, sah?"

'"Shoe-leather!"

'Whereupon the great black cavern of his mouth was opened in a huge laugh.'

Through the lack of organization he sometimes had to take a 'mixed train' of cattle-trucks, lumber-trucks, and a couple of passenger-cars, with the passengers faring as well as they could. He liked the country and the people everywhere, but suffered rather from the discomfort and from having often to travel many hours without food. '"Give us this day," &c., is the first petition,' he wrote, 'and grace is more gracious *after* meat.' When the steamer missed the train by five minutes, it involved staying the night in an unknown little place and relinquishing a service that had been announced. He writes to this effect from Rivière du Loup, in the province of Quebec, where he found the talk all in French : 'priests keep coming into the carriage—very pleasant and *good* looking men

they are, chatting freely with the people. I sat down to dinner—a rough affair—my companions the guards and brakesmen of the train, but that is always the case in this democratic country. . . . It is a first-class country for third-class people. It is a third-class country for first-class people. It would suit those who are willing to help themselves and who want the chance. It is a poor country for those who like to be helped and are willing to pay for it. There are no porters, and society is equal.'

From Toronto and Quebec he went on to Halifax, and found it ' very cold and foggy ' at the end of May, and to Annapolis and St. Johns. His services were very successful in numbers and effect. ' Ministers of all denominations came, and folk from all the Churches.' But he found himself getting a little weary and home-sick in these vast railway journeys. ' Sleeping in the railway sleeping-cars is very much like sleeping under a Coercion Bill—you are pushed here and jolted there, and jostled and wrenched and shoved about all the time, and are half conscious of it.'

He crosses the border again to Northfield, Mass., to pay a promised visit to Mr. D. L. Moody, who, with Mr. Sankey, had been in England not long before. ' He has a vast place here for young men and women, his idea being to train them as evangelists and for all kinds of religious work. There are some 250 young men, poor lads ; they are very fine-looking, smart lads ; and about 200 young women being trained as teachers for

evangelistic work. Mr. Moody is amongst them all like a jolly farmer. He met me at the station with a pair called here a "team," and a "rig," which is what we call a trap, and two huge dogs. The trustees of all the buildings are here, some of the wealthiest men in America. One has given twenty-five thousand dollars to build a library. I had my first service last night in the large hall in one of the buildings, for there are many scattered about amongst the trees and on the hill-tops. The brass band have a uniform, quite a military look, and all the boys are drilled, and are upright, manly-looking fellows. Moody's grand common sense came out well just now. He pointed to a very dark negro in uniform and said, "That is their sergeant, who drills them and has organized the whole thing." At first some of the lads didn't like a coloured fellow over them, and came to complain. So he said, "Well, the whole question is this. Have you got anybody else who can drill you as well?" And they said they hadn't. "Very well," said Mr. Moody, "you can't do better than keep the best man you can get." And now the lads are very fond of him, and clubbed together to pay for his uniform. Moody was up this morning *at five o'clock* driving round the hills, knocking at the people's doors and rattling them up to come and hear a "celebrated preacher from England." The farm-houses are much scattered, and the people there cannot walk any distance; in winter the snow makes it impossible and in summer the heat. So Moody has hit

upon a method of getting over the difficulty. "I resolved if they could not come to church I would fetch them, so I started a *church wagon*, and now we run six church wagons." As I am writing I hear the horses being put in and the wagons going off in different directions. The place is a hive of religious industry, swarming with bees and full of honey.

'This afternoon we had a vast crowd with a free and easy service; pieces from the choir, solos from Mr. Sankey and another, singing by the congregation; then an exposition of the twenty-third Psalm by me; then the "Beulah Land"; then Old Rosie, and another hymn, and then Anthony Cock's wife's conversion—a glorious time, dear old Moody at my side laughing and crying together, as happy as he could live. . . . I can give you no idea of the beauty of the place, such as one has read of or dreamed of but never seen before, all raised up in ten years.'

At Montreal, a fortnight later, before the middle of June, the heat was tropical. 'Vegetation bursts at once into maturity. The hawthorn is over in a day, and flowers rush on to seed. There is no spring and no youth. Boys and girls leap into men and women.'

Here he first made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Finley, who, with their family, became very dear and valued friends. In later visits, Mr. and Mrs. Pearse spent long and happy days in their home in Montreal, and in the beautiful Thousand Islands, their summer resort on the St. Lawrence. He was with them in

sorrow as well as in joy, for during one of his visits, many years after this, Mr. Finley was taken ill and very suddenly passed away. ' Never shall I forget,' wrote one of the family recently, ' what it meant to have him and your dear mother with us when our dear father was so quickly taken from us. His love and sympathy helped us so much then and during the summer, when they were both with us at Guysboro'.' He writes in 1920 to Mrs. Adams, another daughter, ' You have recalled to me memories treasured and sacred, amongst the dearest of the past. . . . I sit often by the Half Moon Bay and hear the whip-poor-will. All else hushed, as if it would break the spell of its charm to say a word.'

The next journey was to Australia and New Zealand early in 1891, when his wife and daughter accompanied him. His sudden illness at the last moment almost prevented this trip, but the doctors strongly advised the sea voyage, and the boat was caught at Naples. The sunshine, sea air, and complete idleness of life on board ship were the best thing for him, and his health was soon restored. Writing on February 14 from the Suez Canal, he rejoices to be ' sitting under the loveliest skies on a June day of perfect beauty. We hope soon to get a glimpse of Sinai and what are called the " Works of Moses." '

Colombo he found a ' dream of loveliness,' and at the Mission House there they were received with the utmost kindness. At Adelaide the South Australian Conference was in session, but a company of ministers stayed

the night at the port that they might board the ship to greet him at break of day. He received everywhere the warmest of welcomes. Adelaide was bare and dried up with the heat of the summer ; not a blade of grass on the hills or the plains. But the gardens were bright with tropical flowers and plants ; the outdoor life—except for mosquitoes—was delicious ; and the fruit was a revelation. Pineapples were in profusion. Thousands of bunches of beautiful black grapes were there for every one—even drying in the sun. People everywhere seemed to be happy and well-to-do and delighted with their surroundings. They thronged to hear him. Often he had two services a day in crowded chapels, full sometimes an hour before the time. Melbourne impressed him as one of the finest cities he had ever seen. He was struck with the number of young Methodist laymen who threw themselves heart and soul into the work of their churches. Much interest in the West London Mission was shown, and his lecture on ' Some Old Folks at Home ' was a great attraction. It made so vivid and lively an impression on the mind of one Cornishman, the Rev. G. E. Rowe, who was with him a good deal, that when Mr. Pearse was once suddenly unwell, and unable to keep his engagement, Mr. Rowe himself went and delivered this lecture without a note or scrap of manuscript, to the no small satisfaction of the waiting audience. Hundreds—perhaps thousands—of Cornishmen had been attracted to Australia by the gold rush in 1851, and had settled

with their wives and families. Cornish Associations were formed in many towns. In New South Wales at that date, thirty-three members of the Legislature were Cornishmen ; a distinguished crowd entertained him at a banquet, where many eloquent speeches were made about the ' Old Home.' A visit to Ballarat he described in a letter home : ' What a joy it was, so far away, to be so perfectly at home ; to grasp by the hand one and another—and Cornish people do know how to shake hands—until mine fairly ached. How many dear old faces lit up as we talked together in broad Cornish about the old places and the old folks at home, a joy that was none the less because it laughed and cried at the same time. I long to write of names that might be familiar to many at home, but were I to begin could I ever finish ? I see their faces, I hear their voices, I clasp their hands again, and my heart goes over the thousands of miles, and is in Ballarat once more as I write.'

A misfortune clouded his later stay in Australia. He had to leave his wife with his daughter, who had a very severe attack of typhoid fever and lay for six weeks dangerously ill in the house of some kind people at Goulbourn who had offered to entertain them for one night. He went alone to Sydney and Tasmania, and met them nearly three months later in New Zealand. He was much charmed with Tasmania ; ' as large as Ireland,' he writes, ' but the geography is very confusing : the North and South Esk fall into the Tamar,

and Ben Lomond is in the heart of Cornwall! The railway is very up and down, and with many curves, and in the compartment on either side of where I was *people were sea-sick*! The climate is the ideal climate of the world—Italy without the Italians.'

In Tasmania, as, indeed, in Australia, the ups and downs—from prosperity to adversity—were startling. They had stayed in Australia with people who were millionaires for the third time, having suffered ruin twice, and a year later they lost everything again: that was in sheep farming. From Tasmania he writes of his host and hostess, 'They are very pleasant, homely people; he is reputed to be worth three millions, and there they are, living in the simplest way, without a picture on their walls or anything half as good as we have!' Of all places he had ever been in, he thought he would say, 'Give me Hobart.' He went on to New Zealand, and had the same welcome everywhere. The thought of England's position and power followed him throughout his tour. The English race was carrying with it over the world its language, its religion, its civil government. England held the keys of the highways of the world.

In 1896 he went with Mrs. Pearse and their eldest daughter to South Africa. In these spacious countries he thought with a sense of oppression of London. 'One must come away so far to see what London means. . . . That in all this great continent of South Africa, occupying an area as large as thirteen Great

Britains, there should be fewer souls than are crowded into London!' His desire in these Colonial visits, besides awakening people to the poverty and misery of London and the social questions it roused, was to see the lands that promised to occupy so large a place in the future of the world and to become more and more the home of the English people. And above, and beyond this, he felt he had a message to give to the people there—the message of brotherly love and kindness one towards another which was his constant theme.

After a week of services and lectures in Cape Town he went on to pay a visit, with the Rev. Andrew Murray and others, to the Convention of the Dutch Reformed Church at Wellington. 'I am myself debtor to the Dutch,' he wrote. 'Long years ago I lived amongst the Moravians at Zeist, near Utrecht, and worshipped God amongst the sweet simplicities of those quiet and devout people. To me it was very interesting to meet so many Dutch ministers, and not least to find that some of my books have been translated into their language and widely circulated amongst them, so that I had the hearty greeting of an old friend.'

At one station he thought he recognized a face, and asked, 'Is it Mr. Chubb?' 'Why, it is Mark Guy Pearse,' was the reply. Here, this dignified and bearded ex-President of the South African Conference, was the man with whom he had stood side by side when Thomas Vasey proposed them as candidates for the ministry. As they stood at the back of the corridor

carriage, Mr. Chubb 'told us the names of the wild birds, and of wild flowers that were the treasures of the hothouses at home ; told us of the races to which the natives belonged that we passed on our way ; told us of Bushmen and Kaffirs, of elephants and baboons, of ostriches and puff-adders, whilst we glided amongst the hills which skirt the banks of the Fish River—so called, I believe, because there are no fish in it.'

At Grahamstown he met men whose names he had heard in his childhood at the crowded missionary meetings. What a group they were that gathered at one house and another in that incessant round of hospitality ! 'How I wished that I could but see back over fifty or sixty years with their eyes. What stories I should have to tell of early privations, of perils with wild beasts, of perils with the heathen—and of the contrast between these rough beginnings and the quiet and beauty of their life's ending.' Mrs. Roland, the aunt of Olive Schreiner, told him she remembered when the weekly slave-market was held in the town, and she bought an old female slave for three pounds and at once gave her her liberty. Others told stories of elephants and lions, of hyenas and jackals ; of living in tents, or even booths of leafy branches ; of scarcity, failure of crops, 'rust' in wheat, and of floods, when a man was heard asking his neighbour 'if he had seen anything of his house passing that way.' But the only beast of prey that Mr. and Mrs. Pearse met was the mosquito. 'No sunnier memories,' he wrote, 'live with us, or can ever live

in this world, than those of our visit to South Africa.'

Many instances might be given of the way in which his words were like arrows fixed in a sure place. One must suffice. One Sunday evening in Capetown, instead of using the sermon he had intended he was led to preach on the Prodigal Son. He began in a way he had never done before : ' It was the first of May. The young man was twenty-one this day. The birds were singing, the sun was shining, the young man could at last throw off the restraints of home.' As he went on he noticed a young man in the gallery who was visibly affected. Tears ran down his face. He came to him afterwards—haggard, ravaged with drink and dissipation, down at heel. ' You have hit me very hard to-night, sir,' he said. ' I was born on the first of May. On my twenty-first birthday I ran away from home. Since then I have sunk ever deeper and deeper down. I knew you in the old country. You often stayed at my father's house, and I often sat on your knee.' The man was converted that night, and began to live a changed life. Twelve months later Mr. Pearse was preaching in the town that was his old home, and the man's father came to the service. Afterwards, unable to speak, he handed Mr. Pearse some letters received from his son, telling of the service and of his conversion. Before that he had not heard of him for years. The writing bore witness to his changed character.

His retirement from the West London Mission set Mr. Pearse free for a longer visit to Canada and the

United States in 1903. He made an extended tour that it is impossible to follow. The American newspapers advertised him as ' the greatest living English divine.' Personal descriptions were enlivened by sketches in striking attitudes, ' as our Press artist saw him.' ' What little hair remains on his head is snowy white,' runs one account. ' His deep-set blue eyes look kindly down at you as he grasps your hand, and you can realize on the instant that quality that makes him the wonderful power that he is among the poor of London's great west side.' Sayings of his were used as head-lines : ' Don't fish with an empty hook ! ' is one. Some startling statements were made : ' Mr. Pearse has had years of experience amongst the rich of West London. He has accurate knowledge of the comedies, tragedies, and commonplaces of London aristocracy ' ! A happier one ran, ' Citizens of Port Huron are interested in the prospect of hearing the famous Mark Guy Pearse, " the Apostle of Good Cheer." '

Crowds thronged everywhere to hear him. The newspapers were full of his sayings.

' The Lord Jesus Christ found labour a degradation and left it a dignity.'

' Who cares for Hallelujah-raptures on the Sunday night if you can't keep your temper on Monday.'

' The man who fashions a crown can be more royal than the man who wears it.'

' We shut God in and we shut Him out. We shut Him into the churches and out of the homes.'

'We have our religion too much in spots and jumps, too much on Sunday and not enough on Monday.'

'Make Christ the head of your firm, and don't forget to give Him a share of the profits when the stocktaking comes along.'

'What is big enough to be a care for you is big enough to be a care for Jesus.'

'I hate to hear lackadaisical people sighing about "the world." Whose world is it? Why, God's world, and we ought to rejoice in it.'

At London, Ontario, on October 11, hundreds were turned away from the evening service. The reporter dwells on the fact that 'though the years are white upon his head, the man has all the fire and energy of his earlier days, and speaks with every whit of the eloquence and burning conviction that has made his name famous from one end to the other of the United Kingdom. He preaches the personal Saviour, the one who is to be the Christ of a work-a-day world; a world that needs a Comforter and a Guide—"not a pretty little something to sing hymns to," as he himself expressed it last evening. With homely simile and commonplace parable he drives home his points, and it is Christ that he preaches every minute that he is on his feet.'

He preached from our Lord's words in the Sermon on the Mount, Matt. vi. 25-26, on 'The Sin of Worry.' Fretting becomes master. 'I often wonder what the angels think of a worrying Christian,' he said, and told

the story of the children who banished their companion's tears by asking, ' Haven't you got a father ? '

Dr. Withrow bore witness to the intense interest with which people in Canada listened to his sermons and speeches. The interest grew as the weeks went by. ' The intense evangelism, the blended humour and pathos, the dramatic skill and poetic diction, touched all hearts. His account of the work of the West London Mission, his generous tributes to his colleagues and to the Sisterhood who devote their lives to the uplift of the people, touched all our hearts and inspired us to greater devotion to our own city mission and deaconess work.'

He gave an impetus to work in old centres. In Chicago he urged, ' Don't sell out the old down-town churches in your great cities and move away from the people, but institute new types of work, and bring them into touch with the people. You cannot reach them in the old orthodox style. You must use up-to-date methods. No Church can live on her old traditions.' They must care for bodies as well as souls. Drink might drive men to the slums, but the slums also drove men to drink. There were two kinds of Socialism, and, until the Socialism of love grew strong enough to win men over, the Socialism of hate would exist. ' Surely,' he said, ' it is a good thing for Christian people to take hold of a word that in itself means brotherliness, and in the name of the great Brother of all men, seek to bring in the lofty Socialism that He taught.'

The papers liked to give ' Sermons in Sentences.' When he preached from ' So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom,' the passage given was, ' Every day is a little life—morning, noon, evening, and sleep, which is the type of death. The Father gives us just one day at a time. He breaks off that little piece of eternity and gives it to us, for it is all that we can manage.'

And ' Don't talk to people about their souls. Talk about their Saviour. Make much of Him and you can make little of everything else. Make everything of Him and you can make nothing of anything else.'

A visit to India in 1906, though deeply interesting to himself and Mrs. Pearse, was undertaken especially to visit the daughter who had gone out as a missionary, and was therefore of a more personal character.

To an interviewer he described it as ' just a friendly visit on my own responsibility ' ; though he conducted services or delivered lectures to the English-speaking people there whenever he had the opportunity. Afterwards, though he travelled about constantly, preaching and lecturing, his journeys—except for one or two holidays—were all in his own country. His sons and daughters were all settled in life by this time, and he and Mrs. Pearse had moved up to a sunny flat in Hampstead, where they spent the rest of their lives. As long as her health was good she often accompanied him on his preaching expeditions, and when she began to fail a little he watched over her continually. One

of his last letters to her—when she was away at the seaside after some slight illness and the servants were on holiday—describes him arriving home for a night unexpectedly, grappling energetically with an unusual situation: 'I got myself an Ivelcon last night for supper, and invented the most delicious soup you ever tasted! Boiled the kettle for the hot bottle, and got to bed at 10.20. Your Mark Tapley—that is me—had a better chance of coming out strong this morning. There was no tea, no bread and butter, and the fireplaces were choked with ashes which I did not know what to do with! I lit the gas fire and boiled the kettle and had post toasties, so I managed very well: and lit the dining-room fire, which went out after two failures. Mrs. A. (the charwoman) came at 8.45, but I had done then.'

It is hardly necessary to speak of the astonishment and dismay of the good charwoman when she arrived. The whimsical pleasure of Mark Tapley—and Mark Guy—in triumphing over discomfort, and 'taking credit for being jolly' was no doubt lost on her, but his cheeriness would not lack response. Those in his own household always appreciated it. One who was there as housemaid for a time, some forty years ago, said lately, 'To live in his house was heaven below.'

It was not only cheery optimism. Though he was not much of a judge of character—he was too impulsive and temperamental for that—he had a value for every one, and he had a habit of treating every one as

an equal. He was fond of telling a story of Sir Michael Costa, who was once conducting his famous orchestra when, in the middle of the sound and fury of a great crescendo, the man playing the piccolo, away almost out of sight, lost his place and was silent. It was only a small part, only a little instrument. But in a moment Sir Michael brought down his baton, stopped all that tempest of sound, and, in the silence that followed, asked, 'Where is the piccolo?' 'There is none so obscure,' he would say, 'that his part is not needed in the great anthem of praise ascending to God from men and from angels.'

God said, 'A praise is in Mine ear;
There is no doubt in it, no fear:

'So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from My footstool go.

'Clearer loves sound other ways:
I miss My little human praise.'

I SAID, ' If what I would I could, my Lord,
Thou wert not lost in sleep's forgetfulness :
The beating heart should tell Thee of its love,
And every breath express Thy praise.'

Then, half asleep, I felt His Presence near :
I thought I saw how graciously He smiled :
I felt His soothing hand, and seemed to hear
His voice : *' Good night, good night, my child.'*

Chapter XII

LIFE'S EVENTIDE

Mark Guy Pearse's pen was busy long after the strain of public service became too heavy for him to bear. He spent much of his time in reading history, and took great pleasure in the romance and adventure of the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth. He liked, too, to delve into odd corners of history ; to pick up a pebble, so to speak, and turn it and turn it until it shone in his hands, like the mythical fairy diamonds that were mere pebbles until a particular ray of light caught them. Old records of Cornwall and of early Methodism attracted him, and he would often write to the Methodist Publishing House for the loan of old magazines and books which might add vividness to his papers. One very old magazine called forth the outburst, ' Oh, how deadly dull it is ! I felt as if I were a dweller among the tombs. I heard a dreadful voice in the gloom singing drearily :

> No room for mirth or trifling here,
> For worldly hope or worldly fear.

It happened that I had just finished a somewhat humorous story, *Ezekiel's Dilemma* ; and I pictured

the horror with which the readers of the magazine would have looked at it. . . . Thank God, we breathe an ampler air.'

A ' Guild for the Protection of Parsons ' was discovered in *London Guilds*, a volume by his son-in-law, Professor George Unwin, to whom he often turned for light on historical puzzles. This Guild was made the starting-point for an article comparing the parish parson with the preaching friars against whom they sought protection, and an analogy is made between the awakening effect that the friars had upon the parish with that of the early Methodist revivals. In 1926 he celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of Tyndale's translation into English of the New Testament in an article in the *London Quarterly Review*. The coming into England of this New Testament he regards as one of the great events in English history : ' We might almost say the greatest.' He quotes Tyndale's resolute words to a learned controversialist, ' If God spares my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scripture than thou dost.' It was a theme that was dear and familiar to Mark Guy Pearse. Sixty years had gone by since he first thrilled an audience with the story of Hugh Latimer, and the burning at Norwich of ' Little Bilney,' who was one of Tyndale's dearest friends. He ends his description of Tyndale's own martyrdom, ' So passed this man of splendid service and of blessed memory. He was dead, but by the word of life that he gave to the

English people he lives amongst earth's noblest saints and martyrs.'

When the 'accursed shears' of the editor had to cut out some sentences, he wrote, 'There was a method of martyrdom by which poor victims were crushed to death between boards. Are the covers of your *Review* going to subject me to such a cruel fate? Pity and spare.' No one could have been more gracious when part of his expositions in the *Methodist Magazine* had to be held over until the book *He Must Reign* appeared in book form. Those who know that little volume will prize it as a piece of his ripest work.

When, a few years ago, his health began to fail, he told a friend, 'I have had a bit of a breakdown, but am better and keep pegging away; like a bicycle, *I keep up by going on.* . . . The present is stormy at times with thunder, but bright intervals. So I will sing in the intervals and groan in the storm. No man ever had more to be thankful for, and I carry a song in my soul and sing in the sunny intervals, as I have said.'

It was his habit to spend several months of the year in Cornwall; and during the last two or three years they were spent at his daughter's cottage at Newlyn. At this time his younger son, the Rev. Warwick Guy Pearse, was appointed Diocesan Missioner in Cornwall, and used often to pay him flying visits. Mr. Pearse followed all his missions with the keenest interest, and with constant prayer and encouragement.

'Mark Guy Pearse was never an old man, for

he had the mental buoyancy and vivacity of youth,' writes the Rev. I. Shimmin, who was stationed at Penzance during those years. ' He loved his work. On one occasion he said to me, " I have now four articles on the stocks, and I must get them off as soon as possible." Two of those articles I afterwards read, and I was struck with their remarkable form and clarity. . . . One morning I shall never forget. The sun was shining on the bay ; on our right were the houses and harbour of Newlyn, and away on our left St. Michael's Mount rose like a rocky fortress out of the water. We had a quiet seat, where we could talk undisturbed. I have never heard anything like that stream of reminiscences —his travels and adventures in many lands, amusing incidents he had seen, and strange people he had met. It was like a continuous film of arresting and living pictures.'

One of the two last sermons he preached was at Newquay, and has been described by the Rev. Frank Edwards in the *Cornish Guardian*. ' Floods of memory seemed to be flowing over him. Tears and smiles played on his beautiful face, and there were points in his discourse when he even chuckled with delight at the blessedness of the things it was his privilege to preach. That night he spoke on the twenty-third Psalm: it seemed to captivate his mind and kindle his imagination—the word of the Shepherd Psalmist that pictures his triumphant trust, " Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life " ; his

all-conquering spirit of hope, with its infinite outlook—" I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." '

For the sermon at Newlyn on Sunday evening, November 21, 1926, he chose the same subject. His lesson was John x. 1–8, and among the hymns he selected was 'And can it be that I should gain an interest in the Saviour's blood?' (one of the hymns he chose later for his memorial service). His last address was given at Newlyn on Monday, October 10, 1927.

It was in the following spring that he wrote to Mr. Telford, 'Is there anywhere an account of the address of Dean Stanley on the occasion of unveiling the tablet of John and Charles Wesley in Westminster Abbey? Not many are living who were present on that occasion. None could ever forget the close—that frail figure with trembling voice choked with emotion (Lady Stanley had lately passed away). "And now as for myself," said the Dean, "in the words of your own poet,

> 'My company before is gone
> And I am left alone with Thee.
> With Thee all night I mean to stay,
> And wrestle till the break of day.'" '

'I cherish that letter,' said Mr. Telford, 'for through the kindness of Dr. Jobson I shared the thrill of that most affecting moment.'

One cannot help feeling that when Mark Guy Pearse

wrote thus, some thought of the same kind was in his own mind. His 'company before had gone.' He never spoke of his wife: it was never his habit to speak of any sorrow. He never visited her grave. But one was aware that she was constantly in his thoughts. Somebody has written,

'"And what do they find," I asked, "when they awake?"

'"Find," said he, "why, they find of course that there is no such thing as going and coming, no such thing as yesterday and to-morrow, but only Here and Now and Always . . . the same yesterday and to-day and forever."'

When his last illness began, he would be helped, walking very slowly, to the neighbouring garden of his beloved friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ridge, to whom he owed much happiness in the last two years. Here he would sit and watch the tide ebbing and flowing, and the sea-birds flashing in the sunlight, and talk to whomever happened to come in. Sometimes he would tell them stories, sometimes draw on his wonderful memory for facts of natural history that he had come across or found in books. He was wont to say that he would send parsons to study birds and flowers for six months, and then put them in the police force to study men and women. He advised every one, 'When you are in London, go to South Kensington Museum and take the children with you to see the birds,' and for many years he had taken children, and grown-up people as

well, and told them bird-stories. 'They reveal to us the love and care of the Heavenly Father,' he said; and he would instance such a story as that of a rookery belonging to a friend of his, where a pair of young rooks began to build in a certain tree. The old rooks tore the nest to pieces before it was made, and though the young couple began again and again, they were finally driven from the tree. Then one day in a great gale the tree was blown down. The older birds had in some strange way perceived the possibility of such a disaster.

He had a firm belief that the world was getting better. He held it was a sin to take gloomy views. 'Whatsoever things are lovely . . . think on these things,' was one of his prescriptions, as a cure for care. He had himself lived long enough to see many evils disappear. He would tell of a time when a Welsh miner earned half-a-crown a week, and had to pay for the oil of his lamp out of that; when little children worked from five in the morning to eight at night; when God Himself was a terror, not a Father, and prayer would begin, 'We thank Thee that Thou hast not swept us away with the besom of destruction.'

In everything he saw the love of God. 'The worth of anything is what it gives away,' he said. 'The vine is worth the fruit it yields.' What is love? Love is the life of God and man given away. 'God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son.' Christ said, 'Ye are my friends if—*if*—ye love one another.'

He would sit for hours, talking or thinking or silently absorbed in the beauty of sea and sky, while the fisher-boats came and went in the little harbour below. Fishermen had an irresistible attraction for him. I think they were always associated in his mind with Peter, James, and John. As long as he could get about he was always talking to them, and later on they were in his thoughts with every wind that blew.

'Last summer we visited St. Ives,' wrote Mrs. R. J. Eland, 'and in ths fishermen's shore-cabin on the quay, one of the fishermen took from the wall to show us two framed photographs of Mr. Pearse, one at eighty and one at eighty-five, and also a motto in ancient Cornish which he had presented to them. They all spoke very affectionately of him.'

One of his fisherman friends was Mr. Alfred Jackson, of Porthgwarra, at whose house he often stayed. Mr. Jackson tells how, as soon as he had arrived and dropped his luggage, he would say, 'Now let us go down to the cove, captain!' and he would take with him tobacco for the men who smoked, and peppermints for those who didn't; sweets for the children, and a kind word and a merry story for every one. Mr. Jackson had made a wonderful garden down the steep hillside, blasting away some of the rocks, so that it was framed in towering boulders. Mr. Pearse took the keenest interest in this garden, and was for years continually sending plants and cuttings. When staying there, it was a custom of his to go down nearly every day and

give the plants and apple-trees his blessing. He had a fancy for apples, and earlier was always peeling them and giving them away. He used to quote the four West Country sayings :

An apple a day sends the doctor away.

An apple in the mornin'
Is the doctor's warnin' !

Roasted apple at night
Starved the doctor outright.

Eat an apple goin' to bed,
Knock the doctor on the 'ed.

' By a close adherence to these rules,' he said, ' I trust I have killed four doctors a day ! '

In the spring-time, when he sat in a sunny little roofed-in place called ' the pavilion,' half-way down the garden—those apple-trees in bloom against the deep blue sea, with the great rocks rising on the left-hand, set about with golden furze and tall bluebells, and the little cove down on the right, were a picture after his own heart. He thought of that garden often during his illness, and six weeks before he died he wrote, ' It always does me good to hear from you and to hear of your big catch of pollack and bream and mackerel. There is nowhere that I linger so often and with such pleasure as in the Garden Beautiful. I think you may look for me mostly at the end where that palm is going to add so much to the majestic Isle of Rocks. In what other garden could you find anything so fine ? ' He loved to

help in the house where he was staying; to set the breakfast and to carry away the plates and dishes. 'He always pulled out my chair for me when we came to meals, and saw that I was seated before he sat down,' said a favourite hostess whom he called 'Madonna.' 'He was so gallant; I never had so much attention from any one else. Once, when I was recovering from 'flu, he used to go out himself to the shops, and bought me little tempting things.' And another friend said of him, 'He seemed to *beautify* life so wonderfully.'

He was tempted to give up his London home and settle in sunny Cornwall for his last days, but the thought of losing the daily visits of his eldest son and the daughter-in-law whose birthday he celebrated every year with a poem, who lived close by his Hampstead home, turned the scale against it. 'I couldn't miss the dears coming in,' he said. In a letter much treasured by Mr. Pearse, his son's late head master, Mr. W. G. Rushbrooke, wrote, 'That son of yours is one of the best men ever placed on the staff of St. Olave's, and I think the best beloved, and the most potent influence for good.'

Wherever he was, in whatever house or garden, he loved to gather round him all who came, to paint for them his little pictures, to tell them stories, to set the children puzzles. No one must be left out, or he would look round for them. 'Where's the little maid? Where's the mother of us all?' He was like the sunshine that must touch and gild everything, though it

was all so simple that no one thought anything of it—until he was gone.

The last journey to London was made in June to see a specialist : it was hoped that he might be able to return to Cornwall in two or three weeks after a quite simple operation. But he never went back. His illness increased ; he could not go out, or walk at all except with pain. Through the long, hot days of the summer he accommodated himself to a limited life, and found unexpected joys. There was a leafy poplar-tree outside his window, where sun and breeze played. 'I could lie all day revelling in that tree,' he said. There were the flowers that friends were always sending. We remembered what one of his characters said about the wallflowers that grew out of an old wall. '"You're old," they says, "you're bloomin' old—but you can look spicy all the same. Nothing too old to keep young, so cheer up!"' He was always 'cheering up,' and had a wonderful capacity for being 'spicy.' One day, as he lay apparently asleep on the sofa, he opened his eyes suddenly and said to his son, 'The partridges will be saying their prayers to-day,' and shut them again. We thought he was dreaming for a minute, until someone said, 'Of course, it's the first of September to-morrow!'

He was full of interest in affairs and books. The new books we brought him were 'the finest he had ever read.' In July he wrote to Mr. Edward Pethybridge (son of his old friend), 'If you can get the autobiography of Haldane you will find a very interesting

account of the famous trial of the Plymouth Brother at Bowden Dena, and young Morley, and the charge of using his religious influence to secure £140,000. I wonder who is the "curious little old lady" whose word to Haldane led to the dramatic and terrible ending of the case? The whole book is full of interest: the story of an amazing man who seemed to have all kinds of knowledge his own, and whose friendship included King Edward and the leading men of the time. The last words of the book sum up his character—that the best is open to us if we keep ourselves humble in mind, and avoid self-seeking and vanity.'

He had a fancy for rather romantic novels. Jeffery Farnol was always a favourite author; G. M. Attenborough's *The Rich Young Man* delighted him; and he warmly praised and recommended Canon Victor Whitechurch's last book, *First and Last*. He revelled in tales of derring-do; in desperate adventures with lions and gorillas and cannibals; in Africa and other primitive places; one could never find enough of them!

When the noise of workmen in the flat above was hard to bear, 'the Hittites and the Hammerites are hard at it to-day,' he would say with a twinkle. The doctor wrote to us after he was gone, 'I was sometimes inclined to shirk my visits to him when I realized I could do so little to help him, but I was always compensated by his cheery welcome and often by humorous anecdotes. His patience and gratitude for any help one could give him were wonderful. I don't think any one

could have known him long without feeling a profound and affectionate regard for him.'

When his weakness made him dependent on those around him, he would say, ' Put me in a hospital. *How can* I give you all this trouble ! ' or, ' Both go to bed, my darlings ! *I* shall sit up with the patient to-night ! ' Sometimes, in great pain, he would lie with shut eyes and lips moving ; ' O God, take me,' one heard him whisper. But if the doctor said he was better he always rejoiced. He loved life. ' If the pain gets no worse, I should like to live to be ninety with all of you round me,' he said once. And, when an agonizing grind came, he would manage a word to comfort us ; ' Don't be too sorry for me ! This will pass in a few minutes.' His constant prayer was, ' Lord, keep me sweet ! Keep me sweet ! '

A day came when he sent for Mr. Goldhawk, the present Superintendent of the West London Mission. ' I found him very weak and in much pain,' wrote Mr. Goldhawk, ' but nothing could suppress the gaiety of this radiant Christian. We talked together, we laughed together, and we prayed together. What an hour it was ! He gave me the details of the service which he desired should be held in Kingsway Hall on the day of his funeral.

' Raising himself on his arm, he said : " Please understand, NO MOURNING, NO GRIEF, NO GLOOM, NO ' DEAD MARCH.' Start the service with ' Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' and let the stops be out

on the organ, and ask the people to thunder it out when they sing it in triumph. *Remember,*" he added, "*I shall be with you and shall join in the singing.*" '

Some years before this he had sent a passage from Victor Hugo to Sister Emmeline (Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence), who was a family connexion and whom he looked on almost as one of his own children. I have it beside me as he wrote it : ' Victor Hugo wrote at the end of his life : " I feel immortality in myself. Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the world to come. . . . For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse : but I feel I have not said one-thousandth part of what is in me. When I have gone down to the grave, I shall have ended my day's work ; but another day will begin next morning. Life closes with the twilight and opens with the dawn." '

Such thoughts as these were in his mind as he lay, calm and silent, not often able to speak, while day and night succeeded each other, and often seemed alike to him. Life ebbed day by day, until the last moment came and ' earth's vain shadows fled.'

He left a letter for his eldest son, which we read when he had gone. It ended, ' I go not into the gloom, but into the dawn. No man has had a happier life than I, and much of that he owes to his dear children, *very much.*'

I suppose nobody who was there could ever forget

that service at Kingsway Hall on the morning of the funeral. We seemed to be gathered, not to mourn, but to rejoice. He had chosen it all. We felt he was there. When the twenty-third Psalm was read, we heard his voice saying, ' *Through—through* the valley of the shadow. There is a way out at the other end.' We sang a hymn, and the words :

> 'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies!
> Who can explore His strange design?

seemed at that moment, and with Tintoretto's great picture fresh in mind, to gain an almost unbearable poignancy. But how sweetly came the calm and beautiful words of our Lord's farewell, ' Let not your heart be troubled ' ; and the hymn ending ' And trust Him for all that's to come.' Then followed the address by the Rev. C. Ensor Walters, his old-time colleague and beloved friend. Perfect as we felt it to be, it is impossible to reproduce it. Notes, the written word, are not the same. Infused with love for him whom he called his ' beloved master,' the speaker's voice and face had an eloquence beyond the spoken words. He dwelt on Mark Guy Pearse's cheerfulness and confidence in God. He spoke of his preaching ; of his partnership with Hugh Price Hughes : Hughes the fiery leader, the statesman, the man of affairs ; Pearse the artist, the poet, the mystic. He recalled his personal kindnesses : how he was always the friend of the unprivileged and of the hard-pressed

poor. He was so very human; he was a man who loved Christ Jesus. He brought him before us until he seemed himself to see him. 'Well done, Mark Guy Pearse,' he cried. 'Can you see now the old people in the workhouses to whom you have given joy? Can you see the joy of the cripples you have comforted? Can you hear the fishermen at Newlyn talking about you this morning? Well might you say as you passed, "I go not into the gloom, but into the dawn." '

Mrs. Hughes briefly paid tribute to what he had done for them. 'The mission was very dear to him,' she said, 'but dearest to his heart of all its work was the special work of the Sisterhood. He was specially attracted by their name; not from ecclesiastical reasons, but the idea of their being "sisters of the people," taking tender human sympathy into the home of the people, appealed to him. He entered into their work, and encouraged them in disappointment and failure, and rejoiced over their successes.'

Then came the triumphant Easter hymn, 'The foe behind, the deep before'—surely never sung with a more joyful certainty. It was all as he wished. Not a note of sadness. The service began with the Doxology: it ended with the organ crashing forth the 'Hallelujah Chorus' as we all stood silently, and sounds became wings.

. . . . . .

So the portrait is finished, and smiles down on us who watched Life and Grace bringing out its features, and

pouring upon it a radiance of love and sympathy. It is not easy to make plain all that such a man meant to the weary and heavy-laden of the world. Nature gave him many gifts. Faithfully and loyally they were used in the service of humanity to the very end. Then, when he had served his generation—and more than his generation—in words that strangely warmed human hearts, in stories that showed how humble lives were enriched by faith and hope, the Master whom he loved and trusted crowned his life-long service by a passage to the celestial city in which fear and mourning were swallowed up in victory. He left us praying, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!'

REQUIEM

Come home, thou weary one, come home—
To guide thee through the gathering night—
From out the window shines the light.
Come home, thou weary one, come home.

Lie down, thou weary one, lie down—
Thy work is done and thou art blest,
Thy work hath won thee worthy rest.
Lie down, thou weary one, lie down.

Sleep on, beloved one, sleep on—
The love that holdeth waneth not,
The love that watcheth changeth not.
Sleep on, beloved one, sleep on.